

THE ROYAL TOAST

By "AUSTRALIANUS "

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Preface

In an endeavor to illustrate to the world the public feeling in Australia at the outbreak of THE GERMAN UNIVERSAL WAR and during the continuation of same, I am writing a book, the name of which is to be: THE PATRIOTIC GATHERINGS. As will be found from the name itself, it is to be a description of some public meetings or gatherings arranged for patriotic purposes. The whole of the programme is to consist of nothing but compositions made up for the purpose and by the people themselves, and the real opinions of all classes of men and women are to be represented. When the book is completed, most of the compositions will be accompanied by a rehearsal, supposed to have taken place at the home of the composer. Thus there will be an opportunity of showing Australia at its best and at its worst, as we would like it to be, and as it really is. The Concentrated Wisdoms of Australia is the first contribution to the Patriotic Gatherings, and is intended to constitute the moral foundation of the book, but will not be the first item on the programme when the book comes out. The first general meeting is to open up with a lengthy poetical composition; a supplication to the Supreme Being, and is to be recited by the parson. This is to be followed by the Royal Toast. The one who is to act as a father for the Royal Toast is a Public School Teacher in one of the country schools. He is a man of some considerable mental abilities, well up in years, and he looks even older than he really is. He is exceedingly loyal to his Country, to his King, and to the Empire. He is attentive to his duties, and he believes in giving all their due. He does not, however, always receive his due, for he is overworked and under-paid, and as a consequence his health

is none too good. He has given the whole of his youth and manhood to his country and to humanity. When but a child he took up teaching as a vocation, and he followed that up faithfully until the war broke out, when he enlisted as a private, and put in two years of solid fighting in France, where he saw his Royal Highness on several occasions, and was deeply impressed with his heroism and his utter disregard of death and dangers. After being invalided home from France, he returned to his former occupation. Since then, all his spare time has been taken up in organising the patriotic gatherings, which he started with the object of keeping up the patriotism in his district, and of keeping down the factious feelings which would occasionally flare up amongst the thoughtless masses as a consequence of the activities of the German and Pro-German elements. As a man and a citizen his life had been beyond reproach, but as a school teacher this, however, cannot be said, for as such there is one black spot against him, and that is—he has always been known to cane the children. True, he has never hurt anyone physically, but nevertheless it has been the cause of much degradation in the growing generation. So far there has been no general complaint, but a time will come when the country will wake up to the fact that "German Kultur" is not needed in a civilised country, and that brutality is a thing of the past. This, however, is mainly the fault of the system under which he works, and he is not aware of the fact that in some countries the cane has not been used for generations, and they get on better without it. I regret that I have not had time to give the Royal Toast a finishing touch, for although I had it roughly planned out for years, it was only a month ago I decided to have it written for this particular occasion. I trust, however, to be able to improve on it later on, should it prove to possess any merits.

Needless to say, on an occasion like this, one would like to appear at his best, but unfortunately, this, however, has not been my lot; for this book has been brought out in a hurry, and, to make matters worse, I was sick with influenza all the time, and in some instances the proofs had to be returned without being read through by me. Hence a number of errors have crept in.

On behalf of the people of Australasia,
In the name of the Australian literature
and

By the powers that Providence has invested in me as a
writer,

I am dedicating these compositions
to

His Royal Highness Edward Albert Christian George
Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales and Earl
of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay,
Earl of Garrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles
and Great Steward of Scotland, High Steward of
Windsor, K.G., G.M.M.G., G.M.B.E., M.C., K.C.V.O.,
Personal A.D.C. to H.M. the King, Colonel of the
Welsh Guards, Col.-in-Chief D.C.L.I., Col.-in-Chief
Royal Wilts Yeomanry, Col.-in-Chief Cadet Corps
of the U.K., Captain R.N. and Col. Grenadier Guards.

**TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS EDWARD
ALBERT CHRISTIAN GEORGE ANDREW
PATRICK DAVID, PRINCE OF WALES,
K.G., G.C.M.G., G.B.E., etc.**

We meet with joy our Royal guest,
The Prince who shared our smarts and sores,
And bid him welcomed, wish him blessed,
Upon our sunny Eastern shores.

Twice welcomed are you on our soil,
A double joy your call creates;
We see you as a pal in toil,
As future Sovereign of our States.

And never in the bygone days
Was there a man to call our way
More worthy of our people's praise,
More loved and liked than you to-day.

Our land lies open waste and wide,
And everybody's heart the same,
Your praise rolls in on every tide,
And love is mingled with your name.

As first beginner in an art
That has been mastered by but few,
I venture to reveal my heart
To one who is both brave and true.

I like to wish you something nice,
Yet scarcely know I what to say,
For no one knows what future lies
In providential prank and play.

There is a safe and simple rule—
At least I always found it so—
It fits for every creed and school,
For every person, high and low.

Treat all the many like the few,
And on the merits they possess;
Meet out to each and all Their Due,
Give no one more and no one less.

Our little children now at play,
In private homes or at the school,
Will form some not too far off day,
The people whom you have to rule.

With them may wondrous deeds be wrought,
In them your future one may spell;
Their hearts may easily be caught,
So win their love and all is well.

Let no one meddle with your might,
Keep every porker in his pen,
And do what conscience says is right
To every State and every man.

Stand fearlessly upon the height
Of honor overlooking all,
And show them that for what is right
You are prepared to stand or fall.

Then will they treat you like a God,
And you will find that high and low
Will kiss the clay that you have trod
And let for you their life-blood flow.

A life consistent with the truth,
And to the path of virtue drawn—
~~A life as lovely as your youth,~~
Its set as charming as its dawn.

Is all I wish and need to say—
No mortal needs to wish you more.
May fortune ever smile your way,
And heaven's blessings on you pour.

The softest spot in every breast,
The noblest thought in every mind,
Is chosen for our Royal guest,
Whose praise is borne on every wind.

We wish you health and happy days,
With lots of joy, a life of bliss,
With nothing that is bad to face,
And nothing that is good to miss.

What future brings we can not tell,
Except as one we stand or fall,
Embedded in your future will.
There lies the welfare of us all.

All future forecasts are but guess,
Much good may fall, much bad endure,
Yet from the courage you possess
Our future well seems safe and sure.

I guarantee you for your start,
As sovereign on Great Britain's throne,
A welfare wish from every heart
A true Australian would own.

In different moulds our minds were cast,
Though drawn so close in times of need,
In future days your brilliant past
Will serve you as a kingly deed.

Whilst many made of meaner clay,
And measured out by shorter rods,
Must still go on and fight their way,
At times against enormous odds.

Through all those years of gore and strife
They braved and battled, bled and bore;
They fought for all they loved in life,
As men have never fought before.

Man's mind is measured by his realm—
Contentment lies in what we own.
The worthy farmer loves his farm
As dearly as the King his throne.

A home with wife of one's own choice,
And that for which they straggled through,
May seem as much to many boys
As more than half the earth to you.

The time will pass, the years will go,
And many who went out to fight
Will soon be aged and bending low,
Their hoary heads so silvery white.

Should statesmen then ignore the voice
Of honest soldiers earnest pleads,
I trust his Highness knows the boys
Who helped him earn his precious deeds.

We love you early, love you late,
And it is felt far more than shown,
For every village, town and state
Would like to claim you as its own.

We give your hand a hearty grip,
We prate and chatter frank and free,
We trust you will enjoy your trip
And like our land as well as we.

We hope you will for long remain,
We wish it was for ever more,
But should you leave, come soon again,
A guest more loved no vessel bore.

Yours sincerely,

K. J. BACK.

THE ROYAL TOAST

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THE KING

Men mourning over paltry pain,
That haunts his life through every wind,
Can scarcely think of all the strain
That lies upon a sovereign's mind.

But when at times I take my mind
From every paltry, common thing,
And scan the social line, I find
The hardest worker is the king.

I find when I bethink what strain
A king must have on mind and nerves,
The one successful in his reign
Gets seldom all that he deserves.

Whilst he who labours with his hands
Enjoys some play or slumbers deep,
The king of many states and lands
Finds little time for play or sleep.

The noble central, kingly star
That twinkles on the square of time,
Immortal for its ghostly scar,
The Hohenzollerns' super-crime.

King George the Fifth, our Emperor King,
May he for ever live on fame,
May future generations sing
In honor to his deathless name.

May, unlike kings of other lands,
Who bunglingly aspire to fall,
Our king with clean and unstained hands
Remain to be admired by all.

Whatever turns our fate may take,
In war or in the midst of peace,
May he, for everybody's sake,
Have strength to wear his crown with ease.

As coming events twist and wind,
And cut their channels into times,
May Britain's sovereigns ever find
That blood runs warm in Southern climes.

•
May all the noble and sublime
Of years to come be looked upon
As pointing back to George's time,
The time when thousand things were done.

And may his reign receive its fame,
Not only from the battles fought,
But be its true historic name
The time of George and golden thought.

It was a time of touch and go,
Of most unheard of ups and downs,
But George the Fifth stood well the blow
That carried off so many crowns.

For, like his parents in the past,
He lodged his people in his breast,
He loved us, every creed and caste,
By all alike has he been blessed.

Whom could a nation more admire
Than he who, when his fortune smiled,
Has lost the sovereign in the sire,
Thus may she prove a worthy child.

To meet his daily task by day,
May he be spared his rest by night,
And may our loving children pray
As ma is blowing out the light.

Our Lord, Thou Ruler of above,
Beneath Thy own protecting wing,
We pray the God enfold with love
Our dearly loved and gracious king.

Then may their ma also join in
With earnest pleads from honest breast,
Deliver him from every sin
By which a mortal is possessed.

And may their dad on bended knees
Beseech his God in words that burn—
O Father, grant our sovereign peace,
With health and happiness eterne.

May all the sorrows, pains and strife
That haunt the men of humble stage,
Remain to him for all his life
A blank, a yet unwritten page.

May health and joys be in his home,
Connected like an endless chain,
May nought arise to stir or gloam
Our worthy sovereign's term of reign.

May all the shady sides of life
To him be foreign and unknown,
May Labour strikes and Party strife
Have no effect upon the throne.

When we are at each other's throats,
And aim our blows with bony fists,
He hears our curses and our oaths,
But in his heart no spite exists.

He acts a father for us all,
For fatherly he strives for peace;
He loves us all, both great and small,
Though we may quarrel as we please.

Lives there of love a little flame
In any honest human breast,
Our king will never kill the same,
He loves him most who knows him best.

When comes a periodic wind
To tear our thoughts and sense apart,
May Britain's sovereigns ever find
A cosy spot in every heart.

When fall the thrones of other lands,
The thrones that rose on blood and crime,
May it be seen that Britain's stands
The ever gnawing tooth of time.

May all the lands beneath his sway
Grow more united every year,
May racial hatred die away
And friendship concur everywhere.

Whatever be one's private view
In matters more or less in weight,
May everybody's heart be true
To king and Empire, God and State.

Behold the summer of your sense,
The time when golden deeds are wrought,
No Spring again, a season hence
Will be the autumn of your thought.

The time when all the leaves will drop,
When what made once a fine display
And would have been a golden crop
Is brown and crumbling in decay.

The human mind is marching slow,
And seldom can we grasp or tell
How much of one man's well or woe
Depends on others' woe or well.

One's life is largely give and take,
And all must be prepared to live
To some extent for others' sake,
For it is gain at times to give.

A mind that has no flaw nor kink
Becomes no funk nor faction's slave,
He sticks within the loyal link
That keeps his country's freedom safe.

And may our empire still expand,
Though not by blood, but noble deeds;
May faithful servants lend a hand
To Britain's kings in all their needs.

And may our sovereign's whole regime
Be safe from every stab or blow,
From every false or factious scheme
That seeks the empire's overthrow.

May everywhere his life be safe
Against the vile assassin's dirk,
Against a grim, untimely grave
That gapes where all the dangers lurk.

May food be plenty far and near,
With everybody's mind at ease,
May people prosper everywhere,
And everywhere be love and peace.

And when the daily task doth cease,
Whose burden has been bravely borne,
May he enjoy with all of his
A joyful eve, a pleasant morn.

Then may the vexing cares of state
Be like a silken overall,
A garment of but little weight,
By servants minded in the hall.

And may he find a safe retreat
From every thought of combrous weight,
Where life can pour on him its sweet
Without the bitter gall of state.

May here he clasped in loving arms
(For love is dear to high and low).
Find life with all its joys and charms
Poured out for him to overflow.

And may the love be amply shown
To him in every act and deed,
By those he loves the most, his own,
The ones whose love he most will need.

May in his reign our race retrieve
From loss sustained through others' wrong,
On his departure may he leave
— A name immortal in our song.

May friendship flourish year by year,
And follow hard upon the heel
Of falsehood, fallacy and fear,
Till every sword is rusted steel.

Yea! may he live to see the day
When deeds no more are writ in gore,
When custom thrusts the sword away
And bids it to return no more.

May soon approach the longed for dawn
Of brighter days, of nobler times,
When human mind is safely drawn
To purer things than blood and crimes.

May he be known to every race
As one who in no wrong delights,
Who stoops to nothing that is base,
Nor oversteps his kingly rights.

Who tending to his duties well,*
Expects us all to do the same,
With disregard to what befell
A person's private fad or game.

*His Majesty is generally recognised as being exceedingly attentive to his duties.

And may the good old father fate,
When coming on his daily beat,
Be passing through the palace gate
To settle for a long retreat.

Then may he wear a smiling face,
Like one who long has longed to call,
And may he in his playful ways
Have something to delight them all.

Then may he talk of this and that.
Till he at last forgets his rout,
Yea, may he ever play and chat
Like one who loves to loaf about.

And may our sovereign see the day
When all will meet from own free will,
To make the states beneath his sway
More safe and more united still.

May every one whose love is true,
And no one else his heart approach,
May nothing what a man must rue
Upon our sovereign's thoughts encroach.

May in his life's declining eve,
His loaded mind be kept at ease,
With ample reasons to believe
That Britain's rule shall never cease.

Until the frozen fetters break,
And British influence shall creep,
Both North and South, and lastly wake
The poles from their eternal sleep.

And when his time of death draws near,
When he must go like all before,
May conscience whisper in his ear,
There shall be peace for evermore.

May all his subjects love him then
As he is loved by us to-day,
May ever in the minds of men
His sweet and cherished memory play.

Then may he hand his sceptre down
To one as worthy as his sire,
A man who matches well the crown,
One whom the nation can admire.

Now, fill your glasses one and all,
And let us drink King George's health;
I trust his crown shall never fall,
I wish him glory, strength and wealth.

And here is health to George the Fifth,
A glorious and lengthy reign,
May all his acts be wise and swift,
And ever for the empire's gain.

May everything he does and says
Be for the empire's gain and good,
May he unite the Saxon race
In an eternal brotherhood.

Our worthy King, Hip, Hip, Hooray;
Hip, Hip, Hooray, a hearty roar;
Hip, Hip, Hooray, both night and day,
Our King, Hooray for evermore.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

The Prince of Wales, the son and heir
To George the Fifth, our Emperor King,
May fame and fortune ever bear
This worthy prince upon its wing.

When dangers brewed on land and sea,
With horrors hurled on every tide,
He took his turn as well as we,
And all were bleeding side by side.

When freedom was so dearly bought,
When all we valued was at stake,
He showed by act, and word, and thought,
His manly heart, his princely make.

We played like pals the losing game,
When we were pitched like pawns by chance,
And we were mixing pride with shame
Upon the bloodstained soil of France.

When thunder shook the hill and dell,
And two were dying out of three,
Whilst ninety in a hundred fell,
He took his chance as well as we.

Where bullets swept the hill and plain,
And gases made us hoarse and blind,
We never looked for him in vain,
He never shirked or lagged behind.

The times were tough on land and sea,
Disasters, dangers and defeats,
His Royal Highness felt as we
In all surrenders and retreats.

And when we made a stand afresh
Against what seemed a living hell,
He matched his brains and bone and flesh
Against a cloud of shot and shell.

Then at the turning of the tide,
When all the foe was on the go,
We fought as comrades side by side,
For he was with us then, also.

And marching over conquered ground,
Where mines were hidden low and high,
Whilst spies and snipers prowled around,
He never feared to dare or die.

Now, after years of blood and gore,
With little sunshine now and then,
We see him as we did before,
A lively lad, the self-same man.

There never was nor will there be
More princely conquests, more defeats,
A truly conquered race are we,
He wins the hearts of all he meets.

Now, fill your glasses, old and young,
And let us drink the health of him
Whose praise shall live on every tongue
Until the times are hoared and dim.

And here is to the Prince of Wales,
The coming man our King to be;
May ever ring through hills and dales
His praise and glory proud and free.

The Prince of Wales, Hip, Hip, Hooray,
Hip, Hip, Hooray, through shot and shell;
He stood it well, just as at play;
Hip, Hip, Hooray, the actions tell.

THE GREAT PIONEER.

And no one would, nor could forget
Our worthy friend, the great Pioneer,
Who by his toil, and thought, and sweat,
Has made a white man's country here.

He struggled on through ups and downs,
A man in wealth, a man in want,
With Nature's smiles he took its frowns,
Took all with unabated front.

For like his lad, the soldier son,
He never came to court defeat;
He carried on until he won,
And made the victory complete.

A lucky lad, the son should feel,
Whose father was a great Pioneer,
A sturdy cog in God's great wheel,
When British rule was spreading here.

Now, fill your glasses once again,
And join me in a hearty cheer,
For him who never lived in vain,
Our worthy friend the great pioneer.

Hip, Hip, Hooray, the great Pioneer.
Who settled here from far away;
Hip, Hip, Hooray, he knew no fear,
The great Pioneer, Hip, Hip, Hooray.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

And here is to our Native Land,
Our lovely land of wealth and worth:
Australia—the vast and grand,
The noblest country on the earth.

Australia, the fittest place
Of all the countries on the earth,
As cradle for a worthy race,
A future power's place of birth.

Australia. Hip, Hip, Hooray!
Hip, Hip, Hooray, Our Native Land,
This is the dawning of your day;
Hip, Hip, Hooray—how grand!

THE UNION JACK.

A greeting from the Southern Seas,
And from the Land of Sun and Light;
May ever flow on every breeze
The Union Jack on every height.

And here is to the Union Jack,
The flag that faction never tore;
May freedom follow in its track,
And Justice reign for evermore.

May it give Justice to the world,
To every nation false or true;
Wherever is our flag unfurled,
May every race receive its due.

The Union Jack, Hip, Hip, Hooray
The colours of the brave and free.
Hip, Hip, Hooray, and may she sway
For evermore on land and sea.

OUR LOVING WIVES.

And here is to our loving wives,
The jewel of every honest heart;
May they be happy all their lives,
May worthy lovers never part.

Our loving wives, Hip, Hip, Hooray!
To every little darling dove.
Hip, Hip, Hooray, the fair and gay,
Hip, Hip, Hooray, to those we love!

OUR MUM AND DAD.

To those who reared our soldier lads,
Our nation's hearty thanks are due,
Their worthy mothers and their dads
For all the troubles they went through.

And here is happiness and health,
With endless joy to Mum and Dad,
With sense of duty nobly felt
By every lass and every lad.

To Mum and Dad, Hip, Hip, Hooray!
Hip, Hip, Hooray, to Mum and Dad!
Hip, Hip, Hooray! there was a day
When they were gay (a lass and lad).

OUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH.

And here is to our children's health,
Our little lassies and our lads,
May they deserve our country's wealth,
As well as do their loving Dads.

And here is to the ones to be,
Our children of some future date—
May they be all as free as we,
And may they all be good and great.

Our children's health, Hip, Hip, Hooray!
Hip, Hip, Hooray, to every pet!
Hip, Hip, Hooray, now may they play!
Their time for toil is coming yet.

OUR PLACE OF BIRTH.

And here is to our native town,
To every person's place of birth;
To town and country, hill and down,
To everything we own on earth.

Our native town, Hip. Hip, Hooray!
The place where first we saw the sun.
Hip, Hip, Hooray! our thoughts may stray,
Yet will they end where they begun.

TO ALL THAT IS DEAR.

And here is health to all and each,
An earnest wish from each and all;
With nothing that is bad to teach,
That nothing good may ever fall.

And here is health to all we rate,
To all on earth and up above;
To every fancy, creed and faith,
To all we own, and like and love.

To every wish and secret thought,
To every fond and fancy dream;
To all that is or may be sought,
To every straight and honest scheme.

To every wish, Hip, Hip, Hooray!
Hip, Hip, Hooray, to all we rate,
Hip, Hip, Hooray, for toil and play,
Hip, Hip, Hooray, to every faith.

THE RETURN TOAST

THE SOLDIER.

Now, all the boys who fought and bore
For king and country, me and you,
Who let their blood so freely pour,
For all they deemed as good and true.

We owe them much, we know it well,
And every one who did his best,
The ones alive and those who fell,
Rank high in every honest breast.

We scarce can say how much we feel
For those who fell, and those who weep;
I trust our actions will reveal
That every honest heart runs deep.

When home and hope and wealth and all
Were swinging on the scales of fate,
The ones who went to fight and fall—
They were the ones who bore the weight.

Now, fill your glasses all and drink
The health of all the boys who fought;
We owe them all we own and think,
Round them we weave our golden thought.

To them we owe our sleep by night,
Without disturbance and annoy,
Through them we still possess a right
To all the freedoms we enjoy.

And here is health to all the boys
Who had a heart to face a fight—
A lengthy life, with lots of joys,
And lucky turns both left and right.

The boys who fought, Hip, Hip, Hooray!
Hip, Hip, Hooray, from young and old;
Hip. Hip, Hooray, the boys display
Encased in steel—a heart of gold.

THE REJECTED.

And here is health and life to all,
Whoever may deserve the same;
Who never feared to fight and fall,
But feared to lose a manly name.

Our dauntless lads, the boys who tried,
Who had the will, but were too frail;
I speak of them with manly pride,
I sympathise with all who ail.

To those who tried, Hip, Hip, Hooray!
Hip, Hip, Hooray, to all unfit;
Hip, Hip, Hooray, may no one say
The ones rejected lacked the grit.

IN CONCLUSION.

Conclusively I wish to state,
Should this displease our gracious King,
As emblem of our love and faith,
I point to our eternal spring.

And to our summer both in one—
Our endless pastures North and South,
Which God for ever smiles upon,
A smile that keeps the winters out.

Of such a land it may be said,
Its wealth is endless and untold;
Our soil, the very soil we tread,
Is sprinkled through with glittering gold.*

An endless bed of costly ore
Is every mountain, every plain,
And every hill and every shore
Presents to us prospective gain.

*The average annual output of gold in Australia per head of population is 20 times as much as that of the rest of the whole world.

We landed on a peaceful strand,
Beneath a mild and lucky star,
Till lately none held out his hand
Our country's happiness to mar .

As fruitful seasons made their rounds,
The flocks were thriving far and near;
Our States advanced by leaps and bounds,
And there was plenty everywhere.

We have no seasonal extreme,
No vexing winters raw and wild;
But life is like a pleasant dream,
We live it like a smiling child.

Yea, proudly may we lift our eyes,
And draw a hale and wholesome breath—
Our fragrant verdure never dies,
Our nature knows no sleep or death.

It may be said, at certain times.
That Nature, witchlike, drops its veil,
Yet may we point to many climes
Where fruitful seasons never fail.

Where regular rains will ever fall,
And rivers keep their constant flow,
Where there is ample hope for all
Now, like a hundred years ago.

With here and there a charming dell,
Where hale and healthy peasants build,
Where hope and happiness may dwell,
Where all the barns are amply filled.

Where ample pay for honest toil
Is meted out to one and all;
Where there is drawn from virgin soil,
A livelihood for great and small.

But what we value more than gold,
And more than hordes of transient wealth,
Our country is, to young and old,
The home of happiness and health.

But God reveals Himself in fate.
Would He who knows our thoughts and ways
Entrust to us a land so great
Unless we were a worthy race?

THE QUEEN.

(From the Pioneer's Declamation.)

..And our gracious Queen Mary, the Friend of the
 Poor,
Now as dearly devoted to victims of war
 As she was to the sufferers in peace;
May her motherly care for the weak and the small
Meet a truthful response in the hearts of us all,
 May our love for our Queen never cease.

May her name be as dear to our children to be,
May they love and adore her as deeply as we—
 With a feeling as true and as keen.
May the truths of her virtues for ever endure,
To be held as example for all that is pure,
 And for all that is good in a Queen.

With her name as an emblem of motherly love,
And her heart a reflection of heaven above,
 I am picturing her in my mind
As the best in a mother and sister and child—
As the purest and sweetest that breathed and smiled,
 As the noblest of virtues combined.

In the name of our nation in wealth and in want,
Of the boys whom she cheered whilst they fought at
the front,

I am tendering thanks to the Queen.
Though my learning is nil and my polish is thin,
May my words fall as full as my heart feels within,
May my love in my actions be seen.

When our Queen is approaching her even of age,
May her past be to her like a well-written page
To its author aspiring for fame;
May she prove to have planted a friendship to last,
For the future of all is the fruit of the past,
Then how sweet must to her be the same.

May her life be as happy and bright to the last
As the same has been pure and serene in the past,
And the day when she passes away
May her mind be as joyful and peaceful and calm
As the life on a well-kept Australian farm,
At the dawn of a beautiful day.

PRINCESS MARY.

(From the Pioneer's Declamation.)

...And may fate be for ever unable to frown
On our dearest of jewels, the pride of the Crown,
On the purest* of gems we possess;
May the love and affections of low and of high
Find an object for love, an unbreakable tie,
In Sweet Mary, our Royal Princess.

She ranks high in the hearts of our boys who have
bled,
And is dearly beloved by the friends of the dead—
By the friends of the fighters who fell.
By her sisterly care, both in wish and in want,
She had captured their hearts whilst they fought at
the front,
For she cheered and she suited them well.

*Princess Mary's mother, our present Queen, is the
first English-born lady to sit on the throne of England
in the present dynasty.

With her future career in its beautiful dawn,
May the best in her being be skilfully drawn
By her conscience, commanding her will.
It is well she possesses so noble a heart,
For I feel that the Lord has for her set apart
Some important position to fill.

May her future be golden, her life be a treat.
May her pleasures be many and wholesome and sweet,
May her path be with roses bestrewn;
May the whole of her life be a season of joy,
And may worries and sadness and tears and annoy
Be to her something strange and unknown.

May the Lord have her booked for a charming career.
For to sail on an ocean so lovely and clear,
With a worthy domain to possess;
And whatever the future should place in her way,
May her duties to her seem as sweet as the day,
May her life be a brilliant success.

May her future resemble a beautiful wood,
Or the flocks and the pastures when seasons are good,
On our wonderful downs in the west;
May it be like a charming Australian eve,
On our hills and our plains when the sun takes his
leave,
And is gracefully bowing his crest.

Fifteen contributions to the Patriotic Gatherings are now nearing their completion, and as I am publishing my own work, and can therefore not give my opinion of same, I am giving liberal extracts from each composition, so that the reader can judge for himself as regards the quality.

THE PIONEER'S DECLAMATION

The Pioneer's Declamation is a composition of five hundred lines. Its author is an old pioneer of Irish descent, rather hot-headed, but well meaning, patriotic and exceedingly anxious to "Give all their due." This will be provided with a rehearsal in its first edition. The main characters at the rehearsal are: An English School Mistress, the Pioneer, and his son, who is a troublesome son.

The pioneers of Australia are amongst the noblest representatives of our nation. Their lives have been one long continuation of hardships and exertions, often followed by losses and disappointments. Yet in spite of all that, they are kind-hearted, well-meaning, always optimistic, and amongst the most loyal to their King and country. They lived ahead of their time, and on that account did not receive a due reward for their labors. Owing to a cruel fate, in the majority

of cases their holdings are now in the hands of others less worthy than themselves, and these are actually receiving the honors due to the pioneers. Of all the men that I have met, no others have made such a deep and lasting impression on my mind. I doubt whether there will be any of the real pioneers who will actually come face to face with his Royal Highness—should there be any—and could they be induced to speak with the same ease as they do to me they would probably make a deeper impression on our future Sovereign than any other Australian. There may be many unworthy men even amongst the pioneers, but the average pioneer is a man that any true Australian or Englishman has ample reason to feel proud of.

When the coward will make it compulsory to fight,
We will enter the field with the greatest delight,
For a Briton is foreign to fear—
And we may not forget at the end of the game
That the lonesome old island is still in our name
Where a hero has closed his career.

When the crime has burst forth like the leaf from
its bud,
When the coward is wading in innocent blood,
When the tyrant is rushing for war,
When our final attempt to make peace proves in
vain,
When the women are butchered, the children are
slain,
Then the lion commences to roar.

It is then when it seems that the earth must give way,
When the empires are trembling like boulders on
clay;
It is then when the continents shake.
It is then when the weak gather round for defence,
It is then when the haughty is brought to his sense,
Then the fool finds his crown is at stake.

Then a Briton can walk with a smile on his face,
And be proud of his nation, his land and his race,
Whilst the haughty is trembling with fright.
Amid sobbing and tears he can whistle and sing,
As he gathers the foe to the feet of our king,
For he knows that his actions are right.

For he knows in his mind to what ending it leads,
How his race will be praised for his heroic deeds,
Which were wrought for an unselfish aim.
And he knows as the years will be passing away
All his truest of friends are his foes of to-day,
For he gathered no stain on his name.

These are those who are teaching the world of to-day
Why the flag of Great Britain has won such a sway,
How the history of England was made.
It is well when the people have come to reflect
That our nation to-day has a right to expect
That we all should be rendering aid.

We have fought many heroes, we conquered complete,
Amongst others, a person who knew no defeat,
One who rose on his own to be crowned.
Though the Kaiser commands an uncountable host,
After all he is only Napoleon's ghost—
But a shadow of him whom we downed.

We shall conquer the world, not by bloodshed and
crime,
But by earnest endeavour to reach the sublime,
We shall fetter our foe by the heart;
With the aid of the power from heaven above
We shall ceaselessly strengthen the ties with our
love,
As we master this delicate art.

And Great Britain for ever the Queen of the waves,
The ruiner of despots, redeemer of slaves—
The unshrinkable hope of the free,
Shall emerge into glory when ceases the fight,
When the giants are dwarfs, when their ill-managed
might
Proves a dream, which is all it will be.

She shall be like a star to the ship on the sea,
Like a sentinel guarding the true and the free,
Like a powerful parent to all.
And no kingdom or nation shall have any cause
To be fearing a tyrant whose cowardly claws
May at times make a grasp for the small.

We shall not play the game of the master and slave,
We shall punish the wicked and honour the brave—
 Yet be brothers and sisters to all.
Men shall not be distinguished by wealth or by birth,
But they all shall be known by their personal worth,
 And the social obstructions must fall.

We shall clasp all the world in a friendly embrace,
We shall turn to them all with a brotherly face,
 We shall love every nation on earth.
Not for gain, but for love for humanity's sake
We shall draw every nation along in our wake,
 We shall lead them to honor and worth.

From the north to the south, from the east to the
 west,
Shall our language be spoken, our justice be blessed,
 And our freedom be honored by all.
Both the high and the low, both the young and the
 old
Shall be joining our colours like sheep in the fold,
 As the empires shall crumble and fall.

As we all are aware of our glorious name,
Let us all try our best not to injure the same,
Let us always be true to our trust.
By a noble behaviour to great and to small
We shall build round our name an impregnable wall,
Which no cannon shall batter to dust.

For our name, which has always been standing us by
Has developed a thorn in the enemy's eye,
And a thorn that is likely to last.
It is this that won Britain her glorious name,
And by virtue of this shall our Empire remain,
When the Hun is a thing of the past.

Let us hope that the feeling this struggle creates
Will assist us in bringing the numerous States
Of our Empire united as one.
Let us hope that the lesson we learned from our foe
Is enough to awaken the sombrous and slow
For to help us in bringing it on.

Think what time, think what blood, and what gold
have been saved

Through the men of the land where the carnage has
raved—

Think of those who were ready in time;
Of the brave little nation that ventured to fight
The unpromising odds for their freedom and right—
Those who bore all the brunt of the crime.

May the cries of the innocent pierce through the
cloud

Of the skilful pretence of a merciless crowd

So conspicuously shielding the wrong;
To a merciful God Who with unselfish eye
Views the cause of the weak without fears of the
high,

He who fears not the king nor the throng.

And may fortune be spreading its motherly wing
Over "Albert the Worthy," the Belgian King,

Who was checking the spread of the blight.
There was never a record since times that have fled
Of a crown being placed on a worthier head—
For a nobler defence of the right.

May the truth of his bravery continue to spread,
When the world of to-day shall for long have been
dead,

To the uttermost corners on earth;
May his life be enshrouded by honor and fame,
And for thousands of years may his glorious name
Be an emblem of honor and worth.

Could a civilised nation be brought to submit
To unbearable stings of demoralised wit?
To the insolent quest of a fool?
Could the freeborn, the noble, the true and the great
Bear subjection fromimps who are wanting in faith;
Who are morally unfit to rule?

No, the one who unites all the races as one
Must be loved by them all or be hated by none,
And his heart, above all, must be clean;
To the stars must he soar—to the den must he delve,
He must labour for all and, forgetting himself,
Be the humblest of all on the scene.

He must be both the servant and master at once—
And the virtues of all must find ready response
 From the depth of his heart and his soul;
He must mix with the low, yet be noble and true
Without stooping to aught that the noblest would
 rue—
All his thoughts must be under control.

He must win both the love and respect of the high,
Bearing always in mind that the world keeps an eye
 On each action, though ever so small;
He who knows where the cowardly part from the
 brave,
Who is every one's servant yet nobody's slave
 Is the Master and Lord of them all.

But when peace is declared, may we never forget
How our patriot sons had to meet with their death
 For the good of the world and our race;
To the men with the grit—to the noble and brave
Who for justice and freedom have gone to the grave,
 Let us heartfully render our praise.

When their strength is run out—when our foe has
to yield,
When the Allies are recognised Lords of the field—
When the clouds are commencing to lift—
May those peasants whose nearest were butchered to
death,
Through the justice of Britain be graciously met
With expansion of scope for their thrift.

May the man through whose doings the nations have
bled,
Find his crime like a mountain depressing his head—
May the dead make him languish and sigh;
And ere Europe commences to prosper again,
May the culprit be praying to heaven in vain
For a gracious permission to die.

May the horrors of death make his life like a hell,
From which pleasures of life will afford him no spell,
And the thoughts of his wealth no relief;
May he close his career in an utter disgrace,
Shunned and jeered at alike by his kith and his race,
With no friends to take part in his grief.

May his subjects prove equally wanting in faith
To the sovereign who 'croached on the neighbouring
State

Which his empire was pledged to defend;
And may history describe him as one of the brand
Who ascended the throne in a flourishing land,
Bringing national fame to an end.

May his name be a symbol for falsehood and lies—
May his face be a vision one sees in his eyes—

When he finds that his friend was a thief;
May the nations ere long be accustomed to say
Of a rogue who is scheming to plunder and slay,
He is just like the father of grief.

May his name be a blotch, an unbearable stain,
On the house that by fate had been granted to reign
Over half of the earth of to-day
May the rulers of Europe look down with disgust
On the cowardly cur who proved false to his trust
For the sake of expansion of sway.

Though the Teuton may never be able to see
What he owes to Great Britain, the land of the
free,

And the home of the noble and true;
Yet a day shall arise when our glorious race
Shall be lauded by nations for honour and grace
By a world with a loftier view.

And Lloyd George, above all whom I heard of or
knew,
Is a man whom we never could render his due,
Which is more than a mortal can tell.
He came forth at a time when our future was dim,
And I doubt if the war had been won without him—
I feel certain, that never so well.

What he saved us no mortal could tell, but I hold
It would run into thousands of millions of gold,
Could we balance the losses and gains.
And that hundreds of thousands now living to-day
Would have been in their graves in a crumbling
decay,
Had he never been handling the reins.

THE SAME OLD STORY

I have not found an author for this poem yet, and not even a name, for that matter, but for the time being I will call it: **The Same Old Story**. It is treating on Love, Courtship, and Marriage, with all the joys and sorrows in life. The hero is an old man who for fifty years is mourning his departed wife, who was an excellent woman. One of his daughters ends up badly, but the rest of the family are happy. It is eight hundred lines, exclusive of repetitions.

To what you deem this sinful earth
I came myself by means of birth;
They say when I arrived I cried,
Until my mother's face I spied.

How strange!

How strange, but oh, it is so nice
To see a loving mother's eyes,
To be by mother's prayers blessed,
And feel you are a welcome guest.

A suckling on my mother's breast,
I felt so happy and so blest;
No earthly evils yet unfurled,
To me my ma was all the world.

How strange!

How strange it seemed, but yet how sweet,
I played at will with both my feet;
I pulled my mother's hair about,
And everything went to my mouth.

My mother's lap was now my all,
A lovely world, though very small—
I ate and slept—I played and grew,
And little more I did or knew.

How strange!

How strange, but after all, how blessed
One's life whilst on the mother's breast;
How heavenly it all appears,
Compared with life of after years.

I went to school when I was ten;
I travelled by the coach, for then
The schools were few and far between,
And rail and train had scarce been seen

How strange!

How strange it was, but oh, how sweet,
Whilst Jim was toiling in the heat,
And chasing calves from pen to pen,
I went to act the gentleman.

We often had a pleasant week,
The girls and I played hide and seek;
Some rumors soon began to spread
Of what a certain girl had said.

How strange!

How strange it seemed, but yet how nice
To knit so young the lovers' ties,
To hear a rumor from the breast
That holds the heart one deems the best.

We both were childish then and shy,
I gave her lollies on the sly,
Then stealthily our eyes would meet,
She looked so loving and so sweet.

How strange!

How strange, indeed, such life does seem,
A fairy tale, a pleasant dream;
Though fifty years have now passed by
She still stands child-like in my eye.

The girl and I were often teased,
She cried as Jim, the dummy priest,
In priestly jokes would often strive
To tie us up as man and wife.

How strange!

How strange, and yet it was so sweet,
Our loving hearts would ever meet;
Half mockingly her tears they flew,
I loved, she loved, I knew, she knew.

No more she hides her face and cries,
We smile into each other's eyes,
We care but little now who see
That I love her, that she loves me.

How strange!

How, strange, but oh, it is so nice
To know of one whose hopes and sighs
Are for my good, whose thoughts entwine
The centre of this life of mine.

Along the stream of life we glide,
Some years have passed, she is my bride;
Now people make no more remarks
When we are walking through the parks.

How strange!

How strange, but heaven, it is nice
To, unobserved by vulgar eyes,
Be with the one who now is known
For life till death to be my own.

And then there came the wedding day,
Our little town was bright and gay,
And crowds had faced a lengthy ride
In hopes to see the pretty bride.

How strange!

How strange it seemed, but oh, how nice
To tie at last the legal ties;
How bright indeed is human life
When lovers meet as man and wife.

The wedding breakfast past, we soon
Departed for our honeymoon;
We then shook hands with all the crowd,
They wished us luck and cheered aloud.

How strange!

How strange it seemed, but oh, how nice,
They showered on us bags of rice,
And wished us luck as man and wife,
A happy, long and joyful life.

The blinds were up, the moon peeped through—
She slept, perhaps pretended to;
I watched my wife, my bonny bride,
The lovely angel by my side

How strange!

How strange it seems, but oh, what bliss
One's life affords at times like this—
A golden hue my future wore,
Our lives held now no secrets more.

Then noiselessly I turned about
And kissed her fair upon the mouth—
She woke and stared (a sweet surprise),
Her eyes looked love into my eyes.

How strange!

How strange it seems, but oh, how sweet
When lovers' eyes so fondly meet;
She wondered, and I wondered too
Was this a dream or was it true?

Our life was all that it could be,
My wife was all the world to me,
And she adored me like a god,
She could have kissed the clay I trod.

How strange!

How strange it seems, but oh, how true,
I was the only man she knew—
She was and will for ever be
The one and only girl for me.

She had no learning, wealth nor gold,
Yet I felt paid a thousand fold
In knowing that my darling wife
Had led a pure and spotless life.

How strange!

How strange it seems, and yet how nice
To watch a worthy woman's eyes,
To look your darling through and through,
And know she loves and loved but you.

I wedded, not for lust, but love,
A lovely angel from above—
She made my home a heaven too,
A heaven such as falls to few—

How strange!

How strange it seems, but oh, how grand,
When two are walking hand in hand,
And heart in heart as man and wife
The blessed avenues of life.

Our home was only cheap and small;
Too weak to walk, I had to crawl,
Yet everything was neat and new,
And things were clean and tidy too.

How strange!

How strange, but oh, so blessed were we,
Since I owned her and she owned me,
There nothing more remained on earth
To rival such a home in worth.

Thus time went on and years slipped by,
We lived and loved, my wife and I,
We lived a life of joy and peace
Through sadness, sorrows, strife and ease.

How strange!

How strange the human life appears,
What simple coat the virtue wears,
With clouds of sorrow hanging black
We found in love what riches lack.

No lies and no misleading truth
Beguiled the innocence of youth,
Whatever secrets there would be,
She never kept the same from me.

How strange!

How strange, but since we lived that way
The life was like a pleasant play,
The ins and outs of good and ill
Were subject to our thoughts and will.

A baby to my darling's breast
In fond paternal fashion pressed,
Declared to be a bonnie lad,
The living image of his dad.

How strange!

How strange it is, and yet how nice
To see your own, your very eyes,
And see the mouth you love and kiss
Presented to your home like this.

In optimistic bold belief
Round him a tangled web I weave,
A tangled web of hope and thought,
By fond imagination wrought.

How strange!

How strange it seemed, and yet how nice
To look into this infant's eyes,
And see the goal of all my dreams
Of tireless toil and lifelong schemes.

If I were home or if away
Her heart was with me every day;
Her thoughts were ever for my good,
She loved me more than tell she could.

How strange!

How strange it seems, but oh, how nice,
Our home was like a paradise,
Where I was Adam, she was Eve,
And many joys did we receive.

And in our little family heart,
With children hanging to her skirt,
So tenderly she treated all—
The big and noisy with the small.

How strange!

How strange it seems, but oh, how nice;
The tears are dripping from my eyes
When I reflect upon the past,
Which was by far too good to last.

When came the troubles thousand fold
My wife was more to me than gold,
Her touching ways, her tender care
Were always routing my despair.

How strange!

How strange, indeed, a woman's ways—
She lightens up our darksome days,
She lines with love the toils and cares
That sadly hamper man's affairs.

And all the week before she died
I sat beside her bed and cried;
She looked so gentle and benign,
I sat with both her hands in mine.

How strange!

How strange it seems to think that she
Should be so early snatched from me,
That I should nearly all my life
Be mourning my departed wife.

His unhappy daughter relates her story:—

I heard him at the window sill,
I listened, and my heart grew ill—
I pricked my ears, then heard again
His fingers on the window-pane.

How strange!

How strange I felt that fatal night—
My heart is shivering still from fright,
A chill went through my every joint,
And left me at the fainting point.

I left my bed, blew out the light,
And stared into the starlit night,
And there the hateful villain stood,
The blight of home and womanhood.

How strange!

How strange his face, how base and grim,
The devil seemed to dwell in him;
I hated him, I hate him still,
And hate him till my death I will.

The old man's son and his wife:—

His girl was charming, young and sweet,
A lovely lass, sedate and neat,
Her cheeks were rosy-red and white,
A little angel in my sight.

How strange!

How strange indeed, but oh, how nice,
She simply took me by surprise;
I saw in her my darling wife,
My early youth, my start in life.

Young Jim and wife were highly blessed,
They lived like sparrows in the nest,
A sweet and loving child was she,
And like a dad she treated me.

How strange!
How strange to lead a life like that,
I went there often for a chat;
I told them things from my own life,
And of my dear departed wife.

And many times when I would speak
Her tears rolled down on either cheek,
Then in a long and hearty cry
We joined each other, she and I.

How strange!
How strange, perhaps, on either part,
But then she had a bleeding heart;
To her my case was singly sad,
She always loved me like a dad.

I often told her of the day
When wife and I were young and gay,
How we enjoyed the sport and glee
In every way like Jim and she.

How strange!
How strange to her, how strange to me,
We both imagined we could see
The day that long ere this has fled,
The day when wife and I were wed

A snob may scorn or pity me,
Yet am I blessed more so than he;
With such a future—such a past
One stands above both creed and cast.

How strange!

How strange to think of what I am,
But then my present is but sham;
The only thing that counts with me
Is what has been, and what will be.

The lane is long that has no bend,
My lonesomeness will have its end;
When time is due I too will die,
Then shall we meet, my wife and I.

How strange!

How strange to her, how strange to me,
Must this our second meeting be;
Then I can meet her face to face,
And clasp her in a long embrace.

My longings will not be in vain,
For wife and I will meet again—
For life and death were meant to lead
To God, where life is life indeed.

How strange!

How strange indeed, but life and death
Have disappointed no one yet,
For everything will soon come right,
My sorrows pass and life be light.

And in the evenings calm and cool
I sit upon a cedar stool
Against her wooden cross and weep,
Until at length I fall asleep.

How strange!

How strange indeed my life must seem,
But there I am and thus I dream
Of times to come, of years gone by,
Of life and death, of wife and I.

And many flowers flourish there
In ceaseless bloom throughout the year,
And leaves are shooting young and new,
Like her for ever fresh and true.

How strange!

How strange it seems, but her I see
In every flower—every tree,
And when I hear a bird that sings
I picture her on angel's wings.

Whatever weather, wet or dry,
I never let a day slip by
Without repairing there to weep
Where sleeps my wife her last long sleep.

How strange!

How strange, but I could never stay
Away from there a single day,
It seems that in that calm retreat
Her soul and mine for ever meet.

THE SETTLER'S DREAM.

One night I was sitting in the corner of the old chimney, together with my wife and children, thinking and talking about what was going on on the other side of the world, till at last I fell asleep, and whilst I slept I dreamt that I was going in an aeroplane at the rate of 100 miles an hour, straight upwards for some considerable time, until at last the earth had little or no influence over me. Then the pilot, who I afterwards learned was an angel, turned around and touched my eyes with his hand, and in so doing he said, "Behold your little earth." The scales fell from my eyes, and distance became a negligible quantity, enabling me to see anywhere. As I looked down I saw the earth spinning around underneath us like a top, but she was going so fast that all the towns and cities on the earth seemed to me like fence-posts viewed from an express train travelling at the rate of sixty miles per hour. Now we descended to a lower altitude, and in so doing we began to travel with the earth. After a while I noticed that we were right above an ancient-looking city with an Asiatic appearance, and this the Guide told me was Constantinople, and what would

have seemed to me like a pearl out of the Sultan's turban had I not had my eyes opened. The Guide said it was the Sea of Marmora. Now another Angel descended from Heaven carrying a large pair of compasses in his hand. "What is he going to do?" I asked my Guide. "Wait and see," was the reply, and needless to say I was anxiously watching. In so doing I saw him descend over Constantinople and place one point of the compass into the Sea of Marmora. With the other he drew a large circle, which included a large slice of Asia Minor, the Aegean Sea, all of European Turkey, part of the Black Sea, and all of the straits.

"This," said the Guide, as I looked at him with an inquisitive look, "is to be the centre and the seat of all future civilisation. Everything inside of that circle is to be declared as International Territory, and this is to be divided out amongst all the civilised nations in proportion to its importance in international affairs. The whole territory is to be the seat of a perpetual exhibition showing at all times every nation at its best, all the pavilions are to be permanent buildings, and it is to go on for ever. It is to be the seat of all Arts and Literature, it is to have the largest library in the world, and every book is to be found there. The world's Central Patent Office is to be there, and everything that is patented or copyrighted is to be sent there. This is to be the centre of all learning—of all pleasure—of all com-

merce, etc. Every building that has no true historical importance is to be demolished, and the owners compensated. In order to give everything a classic appearance the Territory is to be a Kingdom, but to make it fit in with modern ideas the King is to have a limited power. Any person of any nationality is to be treated as a native from the day he lands. Thus any person, whatever nationality, if he is able to accomplish anything great, will find it easy to obtain a title here in proportion to his desert. King Albert of Belgium in fighting so faithfully and stubbornly for the Allies' cause has saved the British the lives of 500,000 soldiers, and has also saved two thousand million of pounds, and he has saved all the Allies innumerable lives of soldiers. and for that service his only daughter is to be the first one to sit on the throne of the Marmora Free State, with an hereditary title as the Queen of Marmora.

There was grass and gold in plenty,
Yea, the grass was overhanging
Every thriving farmer's fence,
And the gold was circulating
Round and round to every pocket
Cheering up both high and low.

And the seasoned sons of labor
Walked about with smiling faces,
Flashing notes both left and right.
There was gold and silver rattling
In what often used to figure
As the pockets of the poor.

And the humble dairy-maiden
Dressed herself in silk and velvet,
Wearing costly ostrich plumes.
She was in the pink of fashion,
Well adorned with glittering jewellery
From her boy who tills the soil.

Purchased by her ardent lover,
Stout and strong and noble-hearted,
Ever truthful to his love—
Ever truthful to his darling,
To the lovely country maiden,
Who would some day be his bride.

Many men indulged in drinking—
There was clinking of the glasses
In the bars of every pub;
In the dens of all the crafty,
Of the gambler and the spieler,
There was done a roaring trade.

Often in the chimney corner,
With my children all around me,
And my arm around my wife,
I approached them like a father,
Listen to a grain of reason,
Times like this will never last.

We are rolling now in plenty—
All our cattle feast on clover,
All are fat, both young and old—
But across the mighty ocean,
In the lands of other races,
There are people still who starve.

You my worthy friend and brother,
Listen to my composition,
To my few and simple lines.
You perhaps may have a mother—
Have a worthy wife or sister,
Or a dear and loving child.

Think of her to slavery driven
To the under-world of Prussia—
To the hated home of shame;
Think of such an one entangled
In the frightful cogs and clutches
Of the German War Machine!

I was thinking of the people.
Who were in the dreadful clutches
Of the German War Machine;
And I prayed for their salvation,
Prayed to God for means and measures
Whereby they could all be freed.

In the land whose men and women
Have been driven into slavery
By the cruel German brutes;
Where the mothers and the children
Had to part perhaps for ever
From their dads who now are slaves.

Just imagine forced labor
For the object of enabling
Barbarism to work its way;
Think of free-born men and women
In the clutch of German kultur,
In the thongs of Kaiserism.

Slaves, O slaves, the old-time slavery
With its ancient dreads and horrors,
How it rasps the human nerves!
What a frightful sense of terrors
Such a word is still creating
In the minds of all the free.

In the one-time pleasant country,
Which is now the land of sorrows—
Scourged to death by German hordes;
Looted, trampled, burnt. and bleeding—
Till what was a pleasant country
Now is all a barren waste.

One whose life has all been wasted
In the most degrading pleasures;
One who only lived to sin,
One who only cultivated
All the lowest, basest feelings—
All the beast by man possessed.

Think of him as lord and master
Of a highly cultured lady—
Of a young and charming girl;
Think of him as having power,
To be treating as he pleases
Everyone he holds as slave.

I was thinking of Columbus,
And of other men and women,
Who had lived and died for men—
Who for years had toiled and struggled
For the common good of mankind.
For a thankless, thoughtless world.

Then I prayed that God Almighty,
In his inscrutable wisdom,
To my senses may reveal
How King Albert, brave and noble,
May be amply compensated
In a grand and fitting way.

The rest of the family has gone to bed.
For a while I sat there nodding
All alone and deeply thinking,
Till at last I fell asleep;
Slightly I can still remember
How the little pup was growling
As my teeth let go the pipe.

And Marmora as a nation
Shall be like a great cathedral
To the folk beyond the seas;
Like a church whose bells are chiming,
Ringing in the distant people
To the folds beneath its roof.

Not by hands of common people—
Not by simple, senseless voters—
Nor by chiefs of petty clans,
But by rulers of the nations,
By the Presidents and Monarchs,
Shall this charming Queen be crowned.

And in her shall be united
Western thought and Western learning
With the splendour of the East;
All the charms of Cleopatra
Shall in her be wisely mingled
With the virtues of her sire.

Loved and liked by every nation
From the lowest to the highest,
North and South and East and West—
Notables from every quarter
Shall be flocking round and kissing
Chairs she sat on years before.

Cultured nations shall be paying
Long and frequent pilgrimages
To the Scholars' Holy Land;
And in truth it shall be spoken,
As it once was said of Naples,
See Marmora's Sea and die.

Every soul within its border
Shall enjoy a life of splendour
Like a man of noble birth;
Every year shall there be plenty
In the kingdom of Marmora,
In this most ideal State.

And the famous Bagdad Railway,
By the Germans now completed
For the conquest of the world
Shall be duly taken over
By the Kingdom of Marmora—
By the rulers of the free.

*She is plying wool and needle
For her brothers who are bleeding
For the threatened human race;
And her childish mind is ever
With her brothers in the trenches
In the far off land of France.

She makes many sacrifices
In the way of childish pleasure,
In the way of harmless joy;
When her schoolmates all are playing
She is working for the comforts
Of the ones who fight for her.

Many hours she spends in praying
For the poor and helpless children—
Both in Belgium and France;
Yes, in Poland and in Russia,
And in all the other countries
That are fighting for our cause.

(*The Settler's Daughter.) This line is descriptive
of what follows.

She has made a careful study
Of the war infested areas
Where the German plague has spread—
Till she knows the lands of Europe,
With its many different people,
Better even than her dad.

THE CANADIAN SOLDIER

Is a poem of 600 lines, on Love and Patriotism.

This poem will go to the press shortly, and will be dedicated to the Soldiers and Patriots of Canada for their enormous exertions in The German Universal War.

I have my eye on a French Canadian settler in Australia as the author of this poem, but his Biography will not be needed here.

The Canadian soldiers were the first to meet with the poison gas of Germany, and they had a hard time of it. Yet, unprepared as they were, they fought bravely. All through the war the Canadian soldiers proved themselves worthy of our admiration.

If anyone wishes to express his gratitude to Canada, I will put it in in his or her own expression, provided that it does not exceed five lines in the book (name included), and that it is one of the first five hundred to reach me.

It is not for the good of his health
That he leaves for old Europe to fight;
It is not for the hoarding of wealth—
It is simply because he has felt
That the Allies are bled for their right,
And that justice is threatened by might.

As she presses a kiss on his cheek,
Which she does in a passionate way,
He is earnestly trying to speak;
But the words that come forth are too weak
For his feelings have gained such a sway
That they left him with nothing to say.

Then at last he is saying Good-bye
And he presses his girl to his heart—
Now his tears, that have long lingered nigh,
Break away, and they both start to cry;
He was dreading this time from the start,
It is hard for the lovers to part.

Then they kiss and they kiss and they kiss,
And he presses one more on her lip;
It has never before been like this,
All their sorrows are mingled with bliss;
Now they close in a passionate grip,
And their tears come like drip, drip, drip, drip!

Then he feels with his hand for the door,
But by heart he is lagging behind,
So he ventures to kiss her once more,
And they start it again as before—
He is staggering on as if blind,
And he has but his girl on his mind. .

I would fight for my darling's own sake,
And take things as they came if I fell,
Should I never be fully awake
To the fact that a world is at stake;
How much more since I know but too well
Once the Hun has a hold there is hell.

He is manly in manner and mien,
And a word is to him like a vow;
He is lordly in love, and has been
To his love like a king to his queen.
In his fight with a treacherous foe,
He can meet them with blow upon blow.

He is viewing the place of his birth,
As it loses itself in the blue,
Where the dims in the distance begirt
What to him is the dearest on earth—
What he leaves is familiar and true,
What he faces is ghostly and new.

Land is lost and the waves, mountain high,
Are the things that the ship has to meet,
As our soldier is lifting his eye
From the span of a beautiful sky—
Shine the stars so familiar and sweet
On the mass of the water beneath.

As the ship speeds along on the main,
And is tossed like a chip on the sea—
It reminds him again and again
Of the victims who pleaded in vain
With the pirate so saucy and safe
As they went to their watery grave.

He imagines them struggle and strive,
And he hears in his mind how they scream,
As the sharks eat the victims alive,
While the Germans ignorantly dive
To the base of the sea, where they dream
Of some savage piratical scheme.

Though the sea was so choppy and wild,
Still the sky was so charming and blue,
Like a loving and innocent child
In the face of our soldier it smiled—
Like his girl it was lovely and true,
And, like her, it was beautiful, too.

As he writes to his dear little dove,
Of his fears, of his hopes and his sighs,
Every letter is bristling with love,
And they fit like the hand in the glove—
They are always so touching and nice,
And she reads them with tears in her eyes.

And he dreams of his girl whilst asleep,
And he dreams of her, too, whilst awake,
For his feelings for her are so deep
That though man he will womanly weep,
And be writhing in pain for her sake,
When his heart is beginning to ache.

There is something so nice in the star,
So unusually charming and kind,
Though she is so exceedingly far,
She stands out on her own as a par
With the lass he is leaving behind.
With the dearest he has on his mind—

And in France, as he marches along
On parade on the road or the street,
He is humming some pleasant old song
That is scarcely discerned by the throng,
Yet is keeping the memory sweet
Of the loveliest lass one could meet.

When his chiefs have decided to smite,
And their word to advance is passed on,
Then our soldier bursts forth with delight.
For he feels that he came there to fight,
And he likes to be second to none
When it comes to count up what was done.

Then he goes to the fight like a man,
In his gait he is graceful and grand;
All the world is to him as his clan,
For whose welfare he does what he can,
For he fights for the world and his land,
That a man of man's standard may stand.

As he lies in the shell-hole alone,
Where the water is filtering through,
Amidst booming of guns comes a moan
As the soldier calls out for his own;
He is ceaselessly calling for you—
You would answer his call if you knew.

When the soldier, relieved from the fight,
Dozes off for a while in the trench,
Where he stuck to it night after night,
Whilst the battle was yet in its height—
As he lies in the mud out in France
He is dreaming of her on the ranch.

There is blood in the trail of his fight,
There is love in his lane when at peace,
All the loads of his life seem but light,
And his future is cheerful and bright—
He is first in both hardships and ease,
All the front seats in manhood are his.

He plods on through the ice and the snow
And his face is exposed to the sleet—
He goes on dealing blow after blow,
To a surly and obstinate foe
That is gritting and grinding its teeth
Whilst on turnless, strategic, retreat.

Where the nights are so clammy and cold,
Where the days are so dusky and dim,
Where full many a tale has been told
Of a foe that is beastly and bold,
Of a fate that is ghostly and grim,
If she once lays her hands upon him.

There he sticks to it day after day,
There he sticks to it night after night;
Though but meagre indeed is his pay,
And no fortunes are falling his way,
He goes forth into fight after fight
For our freedom, for justice, and right.

He is cheerfully bearing the brunt,
All the horrors and hardships and dread,
All the miseries, mishaps and want
That the soldier most meet at the front;
Where the creeks and the rivers run red
With the blood of the dying and dead.

Through it all there remains on his mind
One whose heart was so charming and true,
She, the girl whom the boy left behind,
Who was ever so good and so kind—
She is his and his heart is her due,
For she loves him, and lives for him too.

He is ever a stranger to fright,
For the news has been filtering through
That he often goes out of a night,
Giving Fritz a surprise on the quiet;
Then at dawn he returns to his crew,
Bringing with him a "camarad" or two.

To the fool every gain is a loss,
To the wise every loss is a gain,
For the fool will be caught by the gloss
And he labours and labours for dross;
But the wise gets the gold and the grain—
If you down him he rises again.

I maintain that one's heaven and earth
Is no more than the size of his heart;
In regard to our personal worth,
It is partly ordained before birth;
In our blood lies implanted the chart
That is mainly deciding our part.

There is nothing so lovely in life
As a smile that is timely and true
On the face of a beautiful wife—
As she shares in your joys and your strife,
And no face wears a lovelier hue
Than your girl's when her heart beats for you.

Amidst spruce and the oak trees and pine,
In a garden away in the west,
Where the creepers and undergrowth twine
In a masterly mingling combine—
Sits a maiden who once felt so blessed,
Now so sad, so forlorn, so distressed.

To this rustic, romantic old seat,
She retires every eve all alone;
It was here where they two used to meet,
And she now keeps his memory sweet—
To the world it will never be known
What a number of tears here have flown.

Then she fixes her eye on a star,
That is smiling on her through the mist;
In her trials she learned to look far,
But she seldom sees things where they are—
She can picture him there, and feels proud
Of the lover whose deeds talk so aloud.

Of the man who has little to say,
But by deeds seems to say such a lot;
Who is foreign to cowardly bray,
And has never been toasting "The Day,"
Yet can stick when the trenches grow hot—
Through the showers of shrapnel and shot.

When the news of the deeds of our boys,
Find their way to her eye and her ear,
She is never too slow to rejoice—
She can laugh and put life in her voice—
She can picture it all as it were,
For she feels in her heart he was there.

Taken Prisoner by the Germans.

Then relating some truthless report,
Told as pregnant throughout on the air,
They appeal like a pal to a sport—
And with many a lie they come forth
In the hope to make matters appear
As a fight for the foul millionaire.

Though he often makes life look so light,
When he dies he dies awfully hard;
He can play—yet he won't in his fight—
To his post he will always stick tight;
They may bayonet, bomb and bombard—
But they seldom will shift him a yard.

So sincere, so confiding, so true,
Is his mind, though his die has been cast;
To have nothing to fear nor to rue
When one dies is the fate of but few,
Who can bury their sorrows at last
In the thoughts of a beautiful past.

As his life blood is ebbing away,
And he knows that his hours are but few,
Amidst rifles and cannons at play,
There is something he wishes to say,
And that something, young lass, is to you—
Say, what would it be worth if you knew?

For he thinks of the banks of the creek
On the ranch in the far away west,
Where her tresses were warming his cheek
When the evenings were chilly and bleak;
Of the sweetness through earnest and jest
Of the girl with whose love he was blessed.

In his mind lies the whole of his past,
As if deeply engraved into rock;
Though his strength is diminishing fast,
He is true to his girl to the last—
He is kissing her blonde little lock,
And the piece that he cut from her frock.

It was cut from the frock that she wore
When he kissed her his final good-bye—
Many times had she worn it before,
Many tears on that frock did they pour—
Many times with their hearts beating high
Was it drenched by the tears from her eye.

It is now like a relic to him
And is always worn next to his breast;
When the evenings are dusky and dim,
When the battles are bloody and grim,
As the soldier lies down for a rest,
To his heart it is longingly pressed.

With his token held tight to his breast—
To the highest his feelings are strung;
At his last with her lock he felt blessed;
Next to her it was all he possessed.
In his death to her tresses he clung,
And he died with her name on his tongue.

Now the story is borne on the breeze,
It is whistled aloud by the wind—
It is whispered as facts by the trees,
As they search through the clay that was his;
With the forces of Nature combined,
They are preaching to us what they find.

.

When the soldier returns from the front,
Where his blood has been flowing for you,
Where so long he was bearing the brunt;
Though his life may be saddened by want,
And he may have no prospects in view,
Let him feel that your heart has been true.

THE INDIAN SOLDIER.

This is a poem of four hundred lines, and is intended to be dedicated to the soldiers and patriots of India for their exertions in the German universal war.

Come, my sister! Come, my brother!
Listen to my simple lay,
As the same was sung by mother
Just before she passed away.

It was early in September,
 Shortly after war broke out—
Plainly I can still remember
 How my brother walked about.

Jim was eager and excited,
 Though my mother cried like me,
She and dad were both delighted
 When they saw him in khaki.

Days and days she had been crying,
 Crying for my brother Jim,
And the moment she was dying
 She held out her arms to him.

Lord, be praised, my ma was singing,
 Tho' I weep—Thy will be done.
Part is due to his upbringing—
 I have reared a worthy son.

Lonesome life and saddening sorrows
 Left on her a lasting trace,
For her tears were washing furrows
 On her thin and weary face.

Something noble and refining—
 Something silent loudly speaks,
As the silvery tears are shining
 On a loving mother's cheeks.

As the battles were proceeding
 Jim went on from trench to trench,
Till they found him sick and bleeding
 On the battlefield in France.

Years have passed and grass is growing .
 On the graves where heroes sleep;
Father Time is busy mowing
 One by one the friends who weep.

It was tiresome and appalling,
 Dust and thunder day and night—
Bullets whistled—shells were falling—
 Opening craters left and right.

Soldiers sunk in silent slumber,
 Stout and sturdy like the oak,
Were diminishing in number,
 Many dying ere they woke.

Every moment was exciting,
Some would scream and some rejoice;
But for fearless, fearsome fighting
None excelled the Gurkha boys.

THE MEMBER'S RECITAL.

This is a poem of five hundred lines. Its author is a grocer who has been representing the district in Parliament for many years.

As time goes round the world is ever changing,
And yet in spite of change it is the same;
One stoops to crime, another is avenging
Himself upon the culprit for the same.
Man rushes blindly into bold offences,
Too proud to realise that then commences
A struggle that for years may never cease;
He only dreams how he will be defeating
His foe; he rarely ever dreams of meeting
The one who overthrows those schemes of his.

He hoped to find the nations slow and sleeping,
 Enwrapped in peaceful thoughts and pleasant
 dreams,
Whilst he would draw the sword that would be
 sweeping
 A sombrous world—according to his schemes;
He thought that we would trust him now as ever,
But faithless past will make one's future sever,
 And slumbering Britain takes his word no more.
The revolutions that he had incited
Have helped to make our nation more united,
 He finds our Empire stronger than before.

It is a problem for imagination
 To know how many lives King Albert saved.
Let those who feel the burden of taxation
 Have Albert's name upon their hearts engraved.
And you who have a husband or a lover,
A father, or a brother, think it over—
 King Albert saved this precious life for you.
He seeks no pay—his blood flows not for treasure,
In freedom's cause he stakes his life with pleasure.
 Would you deny the noble brave his due?

The Turk will rue the day he started flirting.
His loving heart will be in sorrows drowned,
No suitor yet succeeded in unearthing
A richer dowry than our worthy pound.
His heart surrendered to the blue-eyed maiden,
Whose barque he hoped to find with treasures laden,
And waiting for a suiting puff of wind;
Her lips are sweet, yet meagre is her dowry,
He left the sovereign for a glossy cowry—
No wonder people say that love is blind.

His fate is hard whichever way he chooses,
This seems a judgment for his many sins;
He will be losing heavy if he loses,
He will be lost for ever if he wins.
He scarce will favor either for adoption,
Yet this however is the Turkish option;
Regarding him there cannot be much doubt,
Though grim is fate, the facts are most amusing,
And time will tell what chance he will be choosing,
How much he learns by thinking matters out.

We fight to make the Teuton fetters lighter,
And to avert their paralysing stroke;
We fight to make our future prospects brighter,
To free our children from the Prussian yoke;
We fight the bloody, devastating vulture
To save our homes, religion, and our culture;
We fight for truth, for honor, and for worth,
We fight for what in life is best and dearest,
We fight for all our truest, sweetest, nearest,
For all we love in heaven and on earth.

Rise therefore, brethren, let us go defending
The laws and freedom of a threatened age—
Upon our valor is the world depending,
For we can help the horrors to assauge;
Away to where the Britons now are bleeding
We will also in honor's name be speeding,
To fight against a tyrannising host;
Whatever creed or standing or vocation,
As worthy members of a worthy nation,
The world shall know that we have done our mos..

THE FAVORED SON

This is a poem of about four hundred lines, and is written with the object of pointing out the folly and injustice of favoring one child more than the others. The heroes are a farmer by name of Johnson and his supposed son. From early childhood this boy appeared to be more brilliant than the rest of the family, and this so pleased Johnson that he began to favor him in every way, and in order to give him a good education he even deprived the rest of the family of many of the necessities of life. From his early childhood the favoured boy showed tendencies for many vices that had never been noticeable in Johnson's character, but as he proved himself to possess many gifts that Johnson valued and never possessed, he freely overlooked all his faults and in every way made him his favorite child. All this became more or less unbearable to the other children, who had to forego nearly everything in order to prepare a brilliant future for the one who from their point of view, if he was so gifted, may well have been able to fight his own battle through life instead of sponging on those who were less fortunate. As there was little or no love for them at

home, they had little or no love for same, and one by one they left their father's hearth and set up homes on their own, some as farmers and others as business men. Like Mr. Johnson himself, none of them possessed any especial gifts, but like him they were all sober, thrifty and honorable, and were therefore all worthy citizens. By labor and economy they all became fairly well off, but no one let Johnson know even where he lived. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were now left only with their favored son, who had grown into manhood without having become a man. His gifts and merits had now been swallowed by his vices, and he was a bigger burden to Johnson than ever. His bad life gave Johnson many bitter pangs, but the worst of all was when Mrs. Johnson on her deathbed confessed to her husband that Vily Will was the father of the favored son. Vily Will was the most degraded man in the district, and was so much like the favored son that the only difference was in their ages. After this Johnson went about from place to place looking for his sons to pray for their forgiveness, but they were not to be found. Although a touchy subject, I have tried to avoid everything indecent. I am giving below a few sample stanzas—all I happened to have with me here.

And proudly in parental way
He praised his little pranks at play,
 As would a wayward lover;
And though it gave his children pain,
He said the same thing soon again,
 Again he took it over.

That son, I swear, will be some day
The President of U.S.A.,
 The man who rules our nation.
And to his cosy coat will cling,
Like pearls upon an endless string,
 The pick of every station.

Or he may be some money king
Who has the handling of the string
 To all the world's finances;
One who sees nations sold and bought,
A person to whose simplest thought
 A thousand million dances.

Then every dollar, every cent,
In Johnson's home was freely spent
 On Teddy's education.
To favor Ted, who often shirked,
The pater stinted those who worked,
 Their home fare was starvation.

Though gifted too in many ways,
And with a somewhat cunning face,
The lad possessed no breeding.
With slight respect for what was right,
He seldom kept his traces tight
(A gift that some are needing).

Their father's home became a hell
They would have carried bricks for spell,
And looked on lash as pleasure,
To have the privilege to roam
A thousand miles away from home
With father's undue measure.

Thus tired of Teddy's tactless brag
The eldest son rolls up his swag,
The family ties to sever.
And so their most trustworthy lad
Shakes hand with brothers, mam and dad,
And leaves the home for ever.

And one by one with tightened girth
The children leave their father's hearth
To try their luck with strangers.
And to these lads the work is play,
They face what fortune brings their way
As farm-hands, grooms, or rangers.

Now Ted is but a loafing fop,
Whilst all the other boys grew up
 Industrious and steady.
They tour the world on costly fare,
But no one seems to ask or care
 For loveless dad and Teddy.

The one for whom he did the most
Is leaning now against the post,
 From toil his thoughts are shrinking.
Whilst others work and draw their pay
He idles useful time away,
 He lives for lust and drinking.

In public pathway, pub or inn,
In all assemblages of sin,
 Where men are most inhuman,
Would Vily Will, the wasteful wag,
By base and beastly blow and brag,
 Tell tainted tales of women.

Although the mother's face grew red
When Johnson held so high his head,
 And Vily Will was winking;
He never knew, not even guessed,
Till after years when she confessed,
 What thoughts the two were thinking.

And Mr. Johnson, bent and grey,
In restless mood both night and day,
Now to and fro is walking;
To sons and daughters, eight in all,
He sends a ceaseless, soulful call,
But no one hears him talking.

THE COBBLER'S WILL.

A COMIC.

A wealthy society man, married to a young and exceedingly attractive lady, in order to prevent his wealth falling into the hands of a prospective second husband, wills all his possessions to his relatives, and dies suddenly shortly after. The wife, face to face with financial ruin, employs a middle-aged cobbler of doubtful reputation, but considerable cunning, for the purpose of adopting her husband's name and willing her all his properties before the husband's death becomes known. Her dead husband is hidden, and the cobbler takes his place in the bed, pretending to be sick, and a solicitor, unacquainted with the dead husband, is brought to the house to draft out the will. With the solicitor at the bedside, the cobbler, in a weak and broken voice eulogising her many virtues,

wills her half of all he owns in gratitude for what she has been to him. The wife, noticing his departure from her instructions, gives him a hint, but the same being ignored resigns herself to her fate, prepared to accept half in preference to nothing. The sick man, on being asked who is to have the other half, announces his decision to will that to the honest and hard-working cobbler on the opposite side of the street on the condition that he marries his widow. In the event of him not consenting to do this, all he owns is to go to her, and on the other hand, in the event of the widow refusing to marry the cobbler, everything shall go to him. In the morning's paper the death of the society man was announced and the contents of the will also, to the shock of those who knew them. This left the cobbler as the undisputed owner of a score of sky-scrapers in the city, with a number of country properties and a nice wife thrown in, for he consented to marry her, and they lived happy ever after.

THE CONCENTRATED WISDOMS OF AUSTRALIA

The Concentrated Wisdoms of Australia was the first contribution to the Patriotic Gatherings. It is a book of 335 pages, and will be put on the market as soon as the American Copyright is obtained. The price of the book will be 10/6, bound in cloth, and I am now prepared to take orders for same, but they will not be delivered until after the American Copyright is obtained, when the orders will be delivered in the same rotation that they arrive.

For giving below one extract from each chapter—

GIVE ALL THEIR DUE.

This is the busyman's bible. It is a long sermon in short words; none too little and none too much. It is the key to heaven and to all true earthly greatness. It is one of the few rules to which there is no exceptions, being equally well-suited to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, and to all the circumstances wherein man may be placed. I place this as the first commandment, and not only as the first commandment, but as the sum total of all commandments, as the essence of all true moral law, of all

noble thought and of all good literature, for it contains all our duties to ourselves and others, God included. Whilst one lives up to this rule, if he knows no other literature, his life will not be far wrong; but if he disregards this rule, the knowledge of all the literature in the world will be insufficient to make up for his deficiencies. There is no other expression in the English language by which so much true wisdom—such an unlimited amount of sound philosophy can be so intelligibly conveyed to all classes of men in such a few words. When compared with this, the bible, with its ten commandments and all the works of all the great writers, thinkers, preachers, poets and philosophers, appears to me as mere details. Any teacher or orator, who preaches anything contrary to this rule, I regard as a false prophet, and any nation or private individual, adopting any doctrine contrary to this, is parting from the truth, and will some day have to suffer. I condemn all literature that does not adopt itself freely to this rule, and so will the world do in years to come, regardless of the name of the author; for this is a rule that will stand the test of time and the scrutinizing insight of civilisation. In this is truth and justice set down in its simplest, and at the same time, its most complicated form, for beneath a surface-simplicity that cannot but appeal to the minds of the humble and the uneducated, there lies a depth of thought that goes far beyond the conception of the thinker and the scholar. Everyone's true greatness in this world is only in proportion to how one manages to live up to this rule, and so will his standing be in the life

beyond. On the observance of this depends all the happiness on earth and all the joys in heaven; on its non-observance all the sorrows in life and all the darkness in death. Every good deed works in harmony with this rule, and every evil one is a breach against it. All the wars and struggles and all the miseries of this world are only the direct and indirect result of some nation's or individual's disregard of this rule. If this rule in its widest sense was lived up to by everyone, the earth itself would be a heaven, as it was originally intended to be and which it would be so well fitted for, were it not for the selfishness and the obstinacy of man. May we never forget that: GIVE ALL THEIR DUE forms the soul and the sinew, the bone and the muscle of all the noblest of thoughts and ideals by which the human mind has been imbued since long before the digging of the first grave on the Nile, and will be so until the bones of the last one to be born into life have mingled with the earth. It is the means by which all the truly great gain their ends, and should be the sole substance of all our teachings and beliefs as well as the methods by which everyone should strive to reach his immediate and ultimate goal. On such conditions everything grand in life is worth going for, but on any other conditions "All is vanity, vexation and profitless labour under the sun."

If this was the means of making my readers realise the full meaning of these four syllables, my pen could now be sent to the museum as an implement of the past, as something that has fulfilled its mission

and for which there is no more use. But as it is natural for man to look for something more, I am giving some mottoes below, all of which together must, however, be considered as a fraction of what the above-mentioned four syllables contain.

ADMIRATION.

The girl was then on the zenith of my esteem, and I could see in her nothing but the angel. I saw practically as little of her, too, as what one sees of the angels, and when I saw her I felt like one who is in the company of angels. Since then I have often thought: What would not life be worth if two could meet as man and wife with such feelings for one another. One year of a life like that would be worth fifty of what is generally meted out to men and women.

ADVERSITY.

Thus the father, he sent with the boot
What the daughter had coaxed with her smiles.

ADVICE.

One should never force his advices upon others, for an advice that is not sought for is rarely ever followed, and, therefore, not appreciated; and so one derives no profit and no honor therefrom.

AGE.

A wise man enjoys the honour of age when he is young, and the pleasures of youth when he is old.

APPEARANCES.

A fool is anxious to exhibit his wisdom, which is folly. A wise man hides his folly, which is wise.

ASPIRATIONS.

High aspirations have a manifold influence on a person's life. It teaches him to think, labour and study. It saves him from idleness with its many temptations. It saves him from partaking in any petty squabbles and anxieties that are generally of little or no importance, but nevertheless are adding to one's misery. By steering clear of all those obstacles, one's thoughts become widened, and life, that seems to many so exceedingly narrow, affords him more space to steer clear of many dangers, and to escape practically unhurt out of others.

ASTRONOMY.

The planets marching to the drum of heaven
Leave men to wonder at their regular motion.

AUSTRALIA.

When a future tyrant commences to plan his dastardly deeds against his fellow-men, he will realise that the loyalty, the honour and the humanitarian ideas of the Australian should not be taken lightly; he will realise that in the south there lives a people whose opinions will weigh heavier than gold, and heavier than corrupted mind, and muscle, when the future fate of nations is to be placed in the scales; he will realise that the Australian can only be conquered by heart, and that his heart lies in the right.

He will realise that when he prepares for the conquest he will have to dress in something purer than the sleeky coat of deception, and that his weapon will have to be forged out of some purer material than the ancient sword of flattery.

- BOOKS AND READING.

Your mind is a gun. Your book is the trigger, which, used the proper way, will set off the gun—let us hope that you will hit something good. Some men are only wasting ammunition, whilst with others it seems to click every time.

BREEDING OF MAN.

You can order a suit
To be made for the youth,
You can fill up his pockets with gold;
You can easily teach
Him in manners and speech,
All the wisdoms observed by the old,
But cannot make a man of a brute.

BUSINESS.

It is not altogether brains that is needed in business. It is attention. I have known obtuse persons to succeed where men of talent have failed. This, of course, would be out of question if both concentrated their thoughts on one thing only, but a gifted person gets drawn away from his business by a number of different things, whilst a dupe remains undisturbed, and thus, in the end, the dupe gets a longer pull on his opponent financially.

CHARACTER.

The continued study of the good qualities in others has an uplifting tendency, whilst the study of their faults are injurious to our character. Therefore, the one who trains his mind to only look at the good qualities is gradually climbing up the ladder towards honour and Perfection, whilst the one who is always looking at their faults is constantly sinking to disrepute and degradation.

CHARITY.

If I give a strong and healthy man who is out of employment the ruling wage to carry a certain heap of, say, stones, to a certain distance to-day, and pay him the same to-morrow to carry it back again, and so on from day to day until he obtains employment elsewhere, all would consider it silly of me to do so, and so it would be, considering that there are so many things that need doing everywhere, but still it would be more beneficial to him, and consequently more sensible, than if I paid him the same amount of money and let him go idle.

CHEERFULNESS.

Every straw helps to make the stack, except the lost one. This one is of little or no importance to the wise. Yet it is this one that gives the fool his grey hairs, and makes so many homes unhappy.

CHILDHOOD.

Parental love and love of parents is generally one of the chief characteristics of great men, but the so-

called mother's child will seldom rank amongst them; for the mother's child is generally a spoilt child, one who is contented to exist on the exertion of someone physically or mentally weaker than himself. He generally turns out a waster, a loafer, or a scoundrel—often the three in one. When his parents die, he mostly ekes out an existence by sweating his own children and his wife.

CHOOSING YOUR PARTNER FOR LIFE.

The foolish damsel chooses her partner in the ballroom, where stars are shining with borrowed light and where jewels are sparkling in falls and misleading colours, but it is upon the great battle-field of life where Fate draws a true distinction between the worthy and the waster.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

A person's success in life depends to a great deal on his abilities to command each little object in the whirlpool of circumstances, and draw them into his own direction.

CLEANLINESS.

When wives cease to care about neatness
The home will be lacking in sweetness,
And husbands may seek to be blest
With love from an outsider's breast.

CONCEIT.

In men's attire we find conceit
Reflecting something great,
Some unaccomplished, incomplete,
Of very little weight.
The most important of their day
Were simple beings in their way,
As simple as the truth.

CONCENTRATION OF THOUGHT.

Let what you do and where you are
Be objects for your thought,
By straying minds that ramble far,
No wondrous things are wrought;
It is an easy thing to learn,
If idle thoughts that don't concern,
Are kept from thoughts that do.

One's noblest gifts will count as nil,
His life a term of idle sighs,
Unless he learns to draw at will,
Upon the strength that in him lies.

CONGRATULATIONS AND COMPLIMENTS.

May you in your youth be as welcome as the sun
when he rises his golden crest out of the Pacific
Ocean and bestows his morning's smile upon the
eastern coast. May your manhood be appreciated
like he, when his piercing eye is penetrating
our seemingly impenetrable brush, and throwing a
fatherly glance upon the tender fern that grows in
the dense Australian scrub. May you in your age

be admired like our beautiful mountain regions when the evening sun is sinking towards the horizon—when the mountain peaks are throwing their giant shadows across the running streams, and the fertile pastoral and agricultural districts of Australia, and may our poets be ceaselessly singing your praise like the birds of the bush, when they are foreboding the arrivals and the departures of the sun.

CONSCIENCE.

The greatest punishment to the criminal lies in the moral of the crime, for each crime committed one becomes so much more ready to commit another one, equally as bad or even worse. One should always bear in mind that the more scars he has on his conscience the more difficult it becomes to lead a happy life.

CONSCIOUSNESS.

In committing a crime or an evil act, it is not only the matter of avoiding the law and the inquiring eye of your neighbours; if such were the case the greatest of crimes could be committed with impunity, but the greatest of all punishments is the consciousness of having committed an improper act. This at times becomes so unbearable that even the hardened criminal will give himself up to justice.

CONSTANCY OF PURPOSE.

He runs into useless expenses
Who never completes, but commences;
And he is a coward by heart
Who fears to be making a start.

Success is only obtainable by those to whom it is due, and it is only due to those whom adversity cannot defeat.

CONTEMPT.

Contempt denotes conceit and pride,
A base, ill-natured mind,
True sense and reason never guide
The heart that scorns its kind;
Though worthy men abhor a deed
Of villainy, their hearts will bleed
For weak and foolish minds.

CONTENTMENT.

All the good that heaven and earth could bestow
on a man is to a discontented mind like water thrown
on the duck's back.

CONVERSATION.

If you manage to associate in good company it cannot fail to cause an improvement in your manners, but beware lest your influences may have a bad effect upon others.

COURTSHIP.

A childish simplicity and straightforwardness in talk and manners are generally the most impressive in love affairs, particularly so if you know that his or her heart has been caught. "Do you love me?" I once asked a child of nine, who was then very dear to me. "Yes," said the girl as she blushed into my face and squeezed my hand with both of hers;

"I love you when you have a clean shave." The girl has now ripened into womanhood. She is well, educated, beautiful, and a handsome figure; she also possesses gifts of which I knew nothing those days, and to this it may be added that her father's wealth has doubled many times since then—but I doubt if she could now make so sweet an impression upon a boy's heart as she made on mine twelve years ago. She knows that I am constantly drifting away from her, and she wonders why, for she loves me now as much as she ever did. When she was a child and knew nothing, she knew enough to capture my love. Now, when she is a woman and has learned a lot, she knows not enough to retain it. Her love runs now through unnatural channels, and it does not reach my heart, and that is the whole secret.

CRITICISM.

He is indeed an unfortunate man who is not subjected to a fair criticism, for as he is not acquainted with his faults, a privilege which is due to everyone, he has but little chance of overcoming the same.

CULTURE.

The cultured mind is spared to view,
A grand and noble world,
And sights the vulgar never knew,
Have been to him unfurled.
Where untrained minds have searched in vain,
The cultured finds both joy and gain
To recompense his toil.

CUSTOM.

The fool always sticks in the bottom of the old groove, where he has at all times endeavoured to lay hindrances in the road of his wiser brethren, who at times have gathered enough courage to try and venture across the sod.

DEATH.

We should not look upon death as a punishment for our sins, but as a liberator to our souls, as the only gate through which we can pass from the transient to the permanent.

DEBT.

It is more profitable, and certainly more honourable, to deprive yourself of some necessities of life than to borrow, for an unproductive purpose. He who has never been accustomed to the handling of money should never borrow, yet to the careful man with experience in finance, borrowed money may bring a fortune.

DISCRETION.

The girl, who is cheap to everybody, is respected by nobody. The girl, who remains unapproachable to everybody, may be respected by many, yet both will find it exceedingly hard to kindle the true flames of love in the hearts of men.

DISHONESTY.

The intelligence wasted on a first-class rogue would be enough to fit up two straight goers. This will appear still more deplorable, if we consider

how many good men it will take to make amendments for the evils brought on by the rogue; and then, again, if we consider how little the rogue has achieved even for his own selfish end, it ought to be sufficient to convince everyone that roguery is not worth while.

DOUBT.

Where there is doubt there is hope, but where there is no doubt, there is no hope. The one who takes everything for granted, is the tool of everybody and useless to all.

DRESS.

Though dandies think of nought but clothes,
Their all and all on earth,
There is a nobler aim for those
Possessing manly worth;
Their clothes are lasting, clean and neat,
A shield against the cold and heat,
But not a thing for show.

DUTY.

The man who gladly spends his time
In meeting duty's call,
Though slow perhaps is apt to climb
Above the heads of all.
When others need a faithful guide,
He takes a sure, a giant stride
And leaves them all behind.

ECONOMY.

Economy is the only solid foundation of wealth; though wealth may be acquired without economy, it

cannot exist for any length of time without it; but, like a building erected on no solid foundation, it will fall.

EGOISM.

All things are changeable, but an obstinate mind remains the same to one's own disadvantage.

ENERGY.

The sage, after all, is not such an isolated being—since between him and an ordinary person, there are an infinite number of steps, which, when taken singly, afford but a slight obstacle to an energetic mind.

ENVY.

The one who fain would laugh when others cry,
And views his neighbour's joy with mournful eye,
Will not succeed, though earnest he may strive
To learn to know the sweeter side of life.

ETERNITY.

If all the good that life can offer was bestowed upon me, and it caused me to drift away from my God by a hair's breadth, my possessions would have been obtained at too high a sacrifice, for eternity is too high a currency for the temporal.

EVIL DEEDS.

An evil person is a danger at all times. If he does a good act he is likely to lead you away in the belief that he is not as bad as you thought he was,

which means that you will leave yourself open to his influences, whilst if he does a bad act you are likely to retaliate by paying him back in his own coin, and in either case there is a danger of your sinking to his standard.

EVIL SPEECH.

An oath is the salt of a lie and the insignia of a scoundrel.

EXAMPLE.

Take your own best moments as a pattern for your conduct, and you will not need to venture outside your own being for a trustworthy example.

EXPECTATION.

Let not your good deeds to others be exceeded by your expectations from them.

EXPERIENCE.

Plenty of money and no experience will generally work around to plenty of experience and no money.

FAME.

Fame follows the endeavour,
Though backers win the bet.
The great will live for ever,
Though they may die in debt.

FINANCE.

The saint will flirt with the devil for lucre.

FLATTERY.

Though he that flatters to the face
Is sickening to the sane,
Behind one's back a well-meant praise
Is seldom said in vain.
Though, as in confidence it were,
Believe me, it will reach his ear,
And will be well received.

FLIRTATION.

The girl, who deals in hearts by score and gross
Will lose the game through fiddling with the dross,
And then when fortune smiles on foes and friends,
The flirt is left behind with empty hands
To curse her fate as she with mournful mien
In mind is dwelling on what might have been.

FOLLY.

Prosperity is the greatest identifier of the fool, no fool can fail to be detected by that test. We are all humble when we are down in the world, but when the fool begins to prosper, his head commences to swell, and the airs of the ass become more noticeable.

FORBEARANCE.

The truly great are best distinguished by their behaviour towards an enemy. The devil himself may be kind to a fellow-devil. No one who has any brains will cross a friend,

FORESIGHT.

His mind was within an inch of every occasion. he could see the opportunity ere the dust started to rise beyond the horizon, yet his abilities were only stock size, and his chances were mostly made to order by he himself, and in the school of life he graduated with great distinction.

FREEDOM.

Freedom in the true sense of the word is absolutely out of question under any civilised form of government. No man could be entirely free without directly or indirectly interfering with the freedom of his fellow-men. A civil servant has less freedom than a well-to-do private. A private who is able to retire from all sorts of business is probably enjoying more freedom than anyone, particularly so if his income is sufficient for him to live on, and no more. If, however, his income exceeds his wants, freedom will be more limited according to how far his income does exceed his wants. A man, who has, financially, reached the standing of a multi-millionaire, will find himself on a standing similar to a sovereign, who, by the way, enjoys less freedom than the majority of his subjects.

FRIENDSHIP.

To have as friend, a man whose mind embraces
The whole creation with a gentle touch,
One undisturbed by all the creeds and races,
Through every walk of life will count for much.

GAMBLING.

How many a man has through gamble
Been leaving his home for the ramble,
Exposing to drudgery of life
His innocent children and wife.

GENIUS.

For each of the stars that we foster,
Is spreading more beauty and lustre,
Bestowing more honour and grace
On this our illustrious race.

GENTILITY.

Due respect for all, is all that is required of a gentleman or a lady. This seems so simple that it makes one wonder why there are so few.

GOAL IN LIFE.

Our noblest thoughts should pitch the goal
For which our lives should aim,
A pure desire should fill one's soul,
Not selfish thoughts for fame.
One's chance in life may seem but small,
Yet is it great, if all and all
Is for a noble aim.

In all our doings we should never lose sight of the fact that after a certain number of years our presence will (from a material point of view, at any rate) be a thing of the past, unless we are content to die like the grass or the weeds. We should, therefore, strive to make our memory worth cherishing.

GOD.

The folly of the uncivilised, who kneels down before his own work, is far exceeded by that of the so-called cultured, who with the latest invention pierces the vaults of heaven and yet remains unconscious of the presence of a Supreme Being.

GOOD DEEDS.

A good heart will make up for all sorts of mental and physical defects; it will make the very wrinkles in one's face unnoticeable.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

The most effective way to drive home into the mind of your adversary the consciousness of the superiority of your own being is to pay him good for evil.

GOVERNMENT.

Men of straw may carp and prate
Till the sun goes down,
Teaching rulers of the State
When to smile or frown.

Men of straw may lull a mob
To its reason's sleep,
They may grasp the tickling job,
Which no grit could keep.

But when States are in decay
And no jackets fit,
Men of straw are in the way,
We need men with grit.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Though small are all the sums you net
And hard has been your fate,
Though after all your toil and sweat,
A meagre crust you ate;
Though you have neither wealth nor fame
You are an heir to Britain's name,
A name that means so much.

GREATNESS.

The one, who wishes to become great, must not be worried about how to break down the ramshackles that time and custom have built. That class of labour is not the work of the great, but the destructive labour of the low and the base, the Hun and the Vandal. The truly great is a builder, not a destroyer. Let his work be such that the good result will outshine that of others, and then eventually all his eye-sores and hindrances will, from want of repair, crumble under its own weight in the eyes of a more enlightened age.

HABITS.

Habits are weapons which Nature has placed within the reach of every individual with the apparent object of enabling each one to conquer his greatest enemy—himself.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is everlasting. No sorrow is so bitter that it can kill it entirely. It is like a fire in a stack of dry sawdust—always smouldering. Take a nation, for instance, any happy period that nation went

through, will, to some extent, be flaring up into the minds, and bringing happiness into the hearts of almost anyone belonging to that nation thousands of years after. so also with the private individual. One may have had what may be termed a life of sorrow, yet there has been at one time or other some particularly happy period. the thought of which is always brought to his mind, and will, to some extent, bring fresh life and happiness to that same person as long as he lives.

HEALTH.

If health has come to be my lot,
If all but health I lose;
Whilst this I have, it matters not,
My time shall be some use.
The poor are rich, when strong and hail,
But wealth is poor when health does fail,
Then all is out of groove.

HISTORY.

It lies in the power of almost everyone, who possesses an average instinct, to in some way or other influence his nation, thereby showing his own finger mark in the history of the land wherein he lived.

HOME.

Let your home be firmly founded .
On the solid rock of truth,
Let your thoughts be all surrounded
By the lovely side of youth.

HONESTY.

But fairness wears a richer shade,
Than all the jewels in their glare;
The golden egg that fortune laid
Will fall to those, who barter fair.

HOPE.

"Whilst there is life," they say, "there still is hope."
And hope is life in brightest garments clad,
Whilst hope remains, life has a boundless scope,
And man, poor man, remains to heaven wed.
No man on earth could chose a softer bed
Than they who take an optimistic view;
Their air is pure and smooth the road they tread,
Whilst all ahead retains its brightest hue,
Men stripped of hope are living dead, a shipwrecked
crew.

HUMAN FEELINGS.

A miser's gold, though huge in bulk and weight,
Will bring no blessings to its owner's breast;
The selfish Pontiff of a mighty State,
Though feared by all, is not by many blessed;
A gifted mind, by evil thoughts possessed,
Is nothing but a hindrance to his race,
And to himself, a monster at his best.
Though men may meet him with a smiling face,
And fools may laud him with their cheers and empty
praise.

IDEALISM.

Whilst hearty despots swing their rod
And bid defiance to their God,
A simple hermit in a den
May rule the nation with his pen.

Yea, from a dwelling in a cave,
A dwarf may start a sweeping wave
That forces armies to retreat,
And lifts the giants off their feet.

IMAGINATION.

A strong imagination is like an enchanter's wand.
It will cause the sun to shine through the heavy
clouds. It will create pleasure where there is none,
and bring life and happiness and hope from the very
grave.

IMITATION.

The good and great we most admire,
Give praise where praise is due,
And it should be our hearts' desire
To aim for greatness, too.
Yet he who strives for something great
Should never try to imitate
Another person's work.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Give me the man who makes his way,
Unaided and alone;
The one of whom the world may say
He labours on his own.
Who, with his burden plods along
Amongst the world's immortal throng,
And never leans on one.

INDOLENCE.

When indolence has gained control,
To save the sweat man sells his soul,
And generous like those who win,
He throws both name and honour in;
 Imagine how the devil feels,
When closing on such paying deals.

INDUSTRY.

Humanity is a bird's nest. Industry is the bird that lays the golden eggs, and lines the nest with beautiful feathers. Indolence is the bird that steals the eggs and soils the nest.

INFLUENCE.

The woman is a sister to the angel, and a half-sister to the devil; under the influence of men she will acquire the true characteristics of either.

INHERITANCE.

The foolish man, when he goes to America to look for a wife, keeps his eye on the dollars; but the wise man, when he goes there (for it is not a bad place even for him to go to) looks for that through which the Americans became the possessors of the dollars, namely, the American industry, energy and perseverance, and thus he hands down to his children an inheritance that is of more importance to them than all the dollars in America.

INSPIRATION.

If you want some enlightenment on a certain subject, and you are not in possession of a book that will give it to you direct, take one of the most inspiring books from your library, and read it carefully, and though the book is treating on entirely different subjects, a thought may flash into your mind, which, if thoroughly digested may contain the very information you need.

JEALOUSY.

If there is any cause for jealousy one should bear in mind that a woman will take more freely to a man who is above her own standing socially and financially than she will to one of her own class or one below that. Thus we find that a wife is in most danger amongst men above her class, and a husband is in most danger amongst women below the class to which he belongs.

JUDGING OTHERS.

There is always something expressive in the chip, through which we all can form an opinion of the chopper.

KING, The.

If everyone would fully realise the enormous amount of duties and responsibilities that rest with the ruler of a nation, the king would become an object for sympathy. His life would need no guarding, and there would be a greater number of good kings.

KINDNESS.

A simple little kindness now and then,
Which any humble person may bestow,
Upon some dull, disheartened fellow-man,
Whose lamp of life perhaps is burning low,
To add a greater vigour to its glow,
And make him feel himself once more again
Connected with the spring, whence life doth flow
With health and vigour of the purest strain,
So simple as it is shall not be wrought in vain.

KNOWLEDGE—ITS UPKEEP, ITS USE AND ABUSE.

As he grows rich who earns more than he spends,
so he grows wise who learns more than he forgets.

LARRIKINISM.

You can beat a larrikin on his own ground in one round if you make a study of his face, for there is something deficient in the countenance of every larrikin; if that was not the case, he would not be a larrikin.

LAW.

Beware of the bald-heads of the law, for there are two men whom you should never go to Court against unless you are dragged there; one is he who has more money than you have, and the other is he who has no money at all. With the former you may lose even if you are in the right, and with the latter you will lose even if you win.

LEARNING.

The life is to the wise a ceaseless school,
They gather wisdom, even from the fool,
Though he is not their teacher as a rule.

LIFE.

Life and death work into each other's hands.
There is no life so well worth living as one that leads
to a good death, nor is there any death so well worth
dying as one that leads to a good life on the other
side of the grave.

LITTLE ARTS AND GRACES.

There are a thousand little arts and graces, each
one in itself of little or no importance, and yet when
properly mastered, they form a whole by which a girl
or a woman may win the heart of almost any man
she chooses.

LITTLE OPPORTUNITIES.

Steps composed of simple thought
Formed the stairs that sages mounted.
Where the copper counts as nought,
Golden coins shall not be counted.
One who did not start as small,
Will be apt to end as smaller;
He who is too proud to crawl
Mostly lives and dies a crawler.

LITTLE THINGS.

Those little drops the clouds have shed,
Have made the rivers grow;
Those little pebbles on its bed,
Assist the earth to mow;
Things seemingly of little weight,
Are mighty items with the great,
Those mighty little things.

LONGEVITY.

As the sanitary conditions of the world are being improved upon man's life will be lengthened. On the other hand, with the more even distribution of the wealth of the nations, people of immoderate habits will be afforded more opportunities to shorten their lives.

LOVE.

It is pleasing to learn what a bliss will derive
From a heart that is faithful and whole;
When I think of the change you have made in my
life,
And the joy it creates in my soul.
Like an angel's, thy countenance seems to appear,
Being heavenly, true and divine;
And with purest intentions I promptly declare
That my heart shall for ever be thine.
Though the gulf was so great that has kept us apart,
Though there still is a lot to be done,
Since to me thou hast pledged both thy hand and
thy heart,
In the future our lives shall be one.

As the seasons pass by and we come to the spring,
When the nature is teeming with life,
Amongst perfumes of flowers where birds sit and
sing,
We shall then be made husband and wife.

LUCK.

Luck is like an ocean wave,
Sweeping in so full and fat,
Mostly taking all it gave,
Often even more than that.

LYING.

One round is more than enough for a liar.

MARRIAGE.

You should never marry for money, nor for love,
but for happiness; but bear in mind that there will
be no happiness without love, and that some money
is essential for its maintenance.

MISTAKES.

One side-step may be sufficient to plunge yourself
and your descendants into misery for several genera-
tions.

MODERATION.

No lasting good can be obtained without modera-
tion, for disappointments and annoyances await us
at the extremity of all things.

MODESTY.

Tho' conscious of her charming face,
Her manners, wealth and style,
She seems so humble in her ways,
So childish in her smile.
Admired and loved throughout the throng,
When others rush to get along,
She keeps a tactful march.

MONEY—ITS USE AND ABUSE.

On the use of the first pound the whole of your future may depend. It is often this that decides whether one is to become a millionaire or a socialist; one who has everything, or one who has nothing.

MORAL COWARDICE.

Whilst cowards shrink from timeless care—
(Imaginary pain);
The one who wants to persevere
Should try and try again.
The luck is faithless to us all,
Whilst fortune likes a second call
And travels like a snail.

MOTIVE.

Our own importance as citizens must be measured by the consequences of our labour, but the beauty of our character can only be found in our motive.

MUTUAL INFLUENCE.

The one who lives for selfish aim
Makes others selfish, too,
He meets with endless acts of shame.
His faithful friends are few;
But living for each other's sake,
And learning to both give and take,
Brings out the best in all.

NATURE.

It is impossible for anyone who has not lived in Australia to fully realise what we mean when we talk about a beautiful morning, a nice day, or a pleasant eve.

NEUTRALITY.

Strict neutrality is practically an impossibility, for the sympathy of a nation, or a private individual, is nearly always drawn to one side or the other.

NOBLENES.

Merit is the only instrument by which we can measure nobility. He whose personal achievements have proved the most beneficial to humanity is the noblest.

NO RULE WITHOUT EXCEPTION.

It is a poor policy to starve the calf and fatten the pig, yet in time of scarcity this may be tolerated, as it is a sure way of getting rid of the pig. If the calf can manage to drag his weary limbs about for a while, there is something for him to look forward to, namely, the pig's funeral; for then the dreams of his life will be realised when all the milk shall be his.

OBSERVATION.

An immoral and indecent traveller, as he tours the world, gives all nations the impression that his own country is infinitely below all other countries, and when he returns home to his native town or village, he will then implant the idea amongst his surroundings that the whole world is corrupted, and simply because he had no eyes for anything but what was bad.

OPINION.

Public opinion cannot be accepted as a true proof of your worth, for the people are like the waves on the ocean—they come with an enormous force, sweeping everything in front of them until their strength is exhausted—then they return ashamed and disheartened.

OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity enters with a smile, but it leaves in a scot. It is wise to meet it, but it is foolish to chase it.

OPTIMISM.

Optimism shoots like a comet through the starry heaven of hope, and, like a comet, it makes its influences felt all over the world.

ORIGIN

That we are made of clay can no longer be denied, for do not the majority of men betray our mean origin the moment they open their mouths.

ORIGINALITY.

The whole humanity is so over-ruled by custom that it appears as if we were entirely created for the beaten track. For each one who is able to take the lead, there are thousands who may make successful followers.

PARENTS

The foolish father loves his child so much that he does all the work himself, and lets his child go idle. The lazy and heartless father loves idleness so much that he makes the child do all the work and goes idle himself; but the loving, wise and honourable father finds plenty of reasonable employment for both. My dear reader, What class do you belong to?

PASSIONS.

Nearly all the great men of the world had strong passions, but only those who could curb them became great.

PATRIOTISM.

Though I was in heaven I would like to visit the mound that harbours the old fragments of my bones, and try to point out to myself every bump that bears witness of some memorial event.

PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance is the father of Success, the ruiner of rivals and the creator of the great.

PLEASURES.

Pleasure is the oil of life—adversity is the brake on the wheel of our nature—without this brake the whole machine of the human being would run to its own destruction—without the oil the friction would be too severe.

PLAGUE-INFECTED STOCK OF HUMANITY.

O Lord, have mercy on the child,
Who suffers for his father's sins,
Whose blood is tainted and defiled,
Before his own career begins.

POETRY.

But I can see the world in its creation.
Yea, God, on His ethereal couch reclined,
To ponder on what worthy occupation
May be the most becoming to his mind.
I see the giant orbs spring forth, and blazing
With silver sparks as they commence a racing
Through bottomless and endless seas of space.
I see a million orbs so fierce and flighty
Now dancing to the drum of God Almighty,
Commencing on their grand and ceaseless race.

POLITENESS.

Politeness is the shining coat
That gilds the meaner parts.
It is the key, the piercing note,
That first will reach our hearts;
And yet beneath the same may lie
Unsightly things to human eye,
Undreamt of slag and dross.

POLITICS.

The foolish politician remains the tool of the party that keeps him in power, for he knows not that it is better to fall like a man than to stand like a scarecrow. But the wise statesman follows the bidding of his conscience. He does what he thinks right and fears no one, for he knows that one fat line in the history is better than fifty fat years in office.

POPULARITY.

Our fame should have an outward origin, but the source of the same should always be found within.

POWER OVER OTHERS.

The mighty man controls his mouth,
His words are true and kind,
One never hears him curse and shout,
And yet he speaks his mind.
Both sense and skill the boss will need
For men are tricky beasts to lead,
More hard than beasts to drive.

PREACHING.

Choose such expressions as will be readily understood by your congregation. Emerson has wisely remarked: "It makes a lot of difference whether there is a man behind the expression or not." To this I would like to add, that it makes a great deal of difference what sort of men there are in front of the expression also, for he who feeds the swine on dainties will have dear pork and very little of it; in fact, he is lucky if he gets any pork at all.

PREJUDICE.

The curiosity and suspicion, with which some people are apt to receive a stranger, are clear proofs of the inheritance of the mind of the ancient ages, handed down to them from their ancestors from the times when every alien was a foe, and when every stranger was termed a wicked being, whose social standing at home depended entirely upon the number of lives he had accounted for outside his own tribe.

PRESENT MOMENT.

Many men, heedless of the present, allow a bright future to float away to a gloomy past.

PRINCIPLE.

It is better to be a poor man with a pure principle than to be a tool in the hands of those who have none for the sake of hanging on to a lucrative billet.

PROPOSING.

Song.

I will tell you a tale
That will never grow stale,
And could never too often be told;
It was told by my pa,
When proposing to ma,
So you know it is now pretty old.

You may long since have seen,
In my manners and mien,
That my heart has been beating for you;

Now, if you will be mine,
Then shall life be divine,
And my love shall for ever be true.

O, what bliss there will be,
Both for you and for me,
If my heart with your love will be blessed,
Then as husband and wife,
Till the end of my life,
We will live like the birds in the nest.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity is no proof of wisdom, but he who can prosper without making a fool of himself is wise.

PROVIDENCE.

And men in mind as yet a child,
A draftsman hired by Providence.
He works the schemes and thinks them his,
Though they were planned in higher spheres.
Decided on by deeper thoughts,
Than those derived from brains of clay.

REASONING.

In an argument between two or more numbers of persons, you should always allow each one his proportionate part of the time, in order to illustrate his own views. No one who expects to be looked upon as a gentleman has a right to encroach upon the time due to the opponent.

RECREATION.

When toil and thought are getting drear,
When health itself doth fail,
When all at once there comes a fear,
That time has told its tale;
Some relaxation may restore
Our former self to us once more
In body and in mind.

REFLECTION.

Let your thoughts play swiftly over all the unpleasantness of the past, and let every happy moment act as a rendezvous for all your reflections.

REFORM.

All reforms should be carried through in a friendly manner, and the one who would stoop to brutal force is a danger to the community, no matter how pure his intentions may be.

REGULARITY.

Everything in Nature points to the fact that the Creator of the universe is a strong believer in law and order, that He will expect us to observe those rules also, there will be no doubt. Let us then try early in life to acquire such habits, which will eventually fit us for a life where law and order are predominant, for to him who cannot observe any existing rules the very heaven would seem a hell.

RELIGION.

One should never say or do anything that would make him appear as a pretender to a preference with the Supreme Being, for no one can monopolise God without leaguings with the devil, and when one leagues with the devil he foregoes his claims to God. It is only the pharasaical, the hypocrite, the self-saved, the fanatic, the patrimaniac and the supermen and all such like who will league with the devil for a monopoly in God. Let us never lose sight of the fact that, if the grace of God was divided out equally to all the men and women in the world, good and bad, the best of us would receive a thousand times more than we deserve. We should, therefore, strive to become as worthy as possible of our proportionate share in God, but never grasp for any more, for if we grasp for more we only receive less.

REMEMBRANCES.

The rays of my imagination are still playing with the brilliancy of that loving face that has now been in the grave for half a century.

REPENTANCE AND REPARATIONS.

He who will not be reconciled is shutting the door of his heart against some of the sweetest joys that life can offer.

REPROOF.

A wise man will only administer reproof to his best friend, and he is grateful if he can raise him to his own standard. A fool will always pick his worst enemy, and he is never satisfied unless he can raise him above the standing of himself and everyone else.

REPUTATION.

Here lies the difference between wealth and reputation. Wealth is only temporary, but reputation may be made perpetual. The greatest of men only hold their possessions till they die. Many lose them before, but the one who acquires a good reputation, and takes proper care of it, will draw many benefits from it whilst he lives, and when he dies it will be registered as his own personal property, which it will remain for all ages.

RETALIATION.

He who retaliates deprives himself of the opportunity of manifesting his superiority.

RIVALS IN LOVE.

It is gentlemanly and lady-like to befriend a rival.

SCANDAL.

A decent man will not appear
On scenes whence scandal hails;
He never holds a greedy ear
To base, defaming tales.
His aim is: "Life above reproach."
His motto: "Never to encroach
On other people's fame."

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

He sits upon the pendulum of time,
He has a good, an everlasting swing,
His forward move is only seen by fools,
His backward, only by the truly wise,
He plays the game of wise and fool for ever.

SELF-ESTEEM.

If you are ashamed of your profession, your profession will be ashamed of you, and instead of being above it, as you thought, you will, in the end, through your negligence and narrowmindedness prove yourself to be beneath it.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

You may outgrow your trousers and coat,
You may outgrow your boots and your hat,
Without being a person of note,
For the world can see nothing in that.

But if you have been able to climb
From obscurity up to a stage
Where your wisdom has outgrown its time,
And your work is ahead of your age,

Though the world may have failed to perceive
To the fullest the proofs of your worth,
And your nation may nurse the belief
That you are but a blight on the earth,

Still your mind may in safety rely
On an undying honour and fame,
For your work shall remain when you die
As a monument built to your name.

It shall not be like metal and wood,
Nor like stone that is apt to decay;
It shall stand and be equally good
After thousands of years passed away.

SELFISHNESS.

Some men are too selfish to pay due respect to themselves.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

I know nothing, and I know that, and therein lies the main secret of all my wisdom.

SERVANT AND MASTER.

He is a wise servant who can be placed on an equal with his master, and shows no signs of superiority.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Self-reliance; that is the stuff that men are made of.

SILENCE AND LISTENING.

The one who always listens will always learn something, if it is only to know the incompetence of the speaker.

SINCERITY.

One strong point is that which is the topmost in one's mind. He who is continually changing from one thing to the other may eventually return to the starting point, probably when it is too late in life.

SOCIETY.

The belle of the ball (she who dances)
May count on a number of chances,
Whilst she who is belle of the church
Is apt to be left in the lurch.

SOLITUDE.

O, solitude what a clear distinction you draw
between the fool and the wise man—one becomes a
lunatic and the other a sage.

SOUL, THE.

One's life on the earth is a bubble.
The body of men is a hobble.
Whilst here on this island I dwell,
My soul is a snail in its shell.

SPARE MOMENTS.

It is practically impossible for the majority of
men to spend more than a small proportion of their
time for the development of their minds, but a man
may so use his spare moments that they in the end
will turn out to be the most profitable part of his
life.

STUBBORNNESS.

Some men lay hindrance in their way
By stubbornness of mind,
Exploded notions that hold sway
Are keeping them behind.
They do the least in most of time,
The Dwarf Birch of the Northern clime
Would signify their graft.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Public ignorance is the cow that gives the heaviest
yield to the rascal.

SYMPATHY.

The world looks down upon a fallen sister,
Whilst he who is the author of her shame
Is honored like a gentleman, a Mister,
And, bird-like, soars upon the wings of fame.
Her fate is judgment by the Lord Almighty,
Whilst he (the cur) can mingle in society,
And jest with every girl that he may meet.
We feast on golden words from golden pages,
Yet live by heart in prehistoric ages,
When all the cares were borne on tender feet.

TACT.

A wise man never meets with an absolute loss.

TEMPERANCE.

With the clink, clink, clink of the glasses
Men are mostly transformed into asses.
Into braying old asses at that.

TEMPTATIONS.

Many precious crafts have been wrecked upon the
submerged rocks, by which the sea of life is infested.

TEXTS FOR SERMONS.

I planted my old self in thy love and there sprung
forth a new man.

THE AUTHOR OF THY FATE.

We men are mostly apt to view
As work of fate, our right and wrong.
Forgetting that we have to hew
Our fortunes as we go along.

THE CHURCH.

It is no wonder that so many lose God in the church, when the church is so big and God is so little.

THE FIRST KISS.

—Look straight into his eyes for a while, then lean your head against his shoulder. Repeat the same process again after a while, and remember that all you say and do now will be fresh on his mind fifty years hence if he lives. In other parts of this book I have tried to impress upon the minds of my readers the value of time; this is an exception to that rule, for with lovers time does not count; they are in heaven, and once we reach heaven then time is no more. It is to be hoped that friends and relatives will possess enough common sense to keep out of your way now, for it is most painful to be disturbed at a time like this, and is even likely to prove detrimental to your future happiness. To watch the lovers is also a pleasure, that no sensible person will ever indulge in, for courtship, though heaven itself to the lovers, is the most sickening to anyone else.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSAL WAR.

In savage glee the Kaiser jumps
Like kings who court their overthrow
Forgetting that external bumps
Will make our mighty empire grow.

Forgetting that our race can draw
For honours and for freedom's sake,
From velvet pad a sculping claw,
That makes the thrones and empires shake.

THE INVENTING OF WORDS.

The English language is so rich in words that one can generally find suitable words for almost every thought and feeling or for any inspiration that one may receive; yet are there times when even the best of writers have to express themselves in a somewhat roundabout way; evidently thinking the dictionary too sacred a book to be interfered with. The main thing in writing is to make yourself understood, and that with as much ease and efficiency as possible. A writer is, therefore, quite justified to invent a word at any time should there be no suitable word for the thoughts he wants to express. Such a word should be easy and simple, and if possible self-explaining, for it is foolish to drive your readers into the dictionary when you know it is not there; and if you have to explain it yourself there is nothing gained, except in a composition where the same word has to be repeated.

In the following short paragraphs, where the quality has been greatly sacrificed for space, there are four new words, words that none of my readers have heard before, and yet I would expect them to be understood without anyone having to look through the index:—

Through the patrimania of Germany their titleites launched the German Universal War wherein we manifested our dominional coming of age.

THE TABLE.

The farmer who has his dinner first and feeds the pigs after will pocket but a paltry profit from his piggery at the best of times; but the one who lets his own dinner go cold for the sake of feeding the pigs at the proper time—he is the one who heaps up fortunes. And what is true to the farmer is true to everybody. Whatever is your station and occupation in life, whether you are a king or a cobbler, a capitalist or a cowboy, an intellectual or only a common labourer, until your affairs become so much embedded in your mind that you will freely forget or forego a good dinner for the sake of attending to your duties at the right time, your life will be more or less a failure.

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

The one who thinks, and thinks wrongly, is excusable, for he has, at any rate, utilised the power that was invested in him by nature; but the one who does not think at all, in him the faculties of mind were wasted. He is like a professional beggar who plants his money and collects alms from men, probably poorer than himself. He is a disgrace to the whole of humanity.

TIME.

The one who wastes his money is foolish, for he is running himself into poverty; but the one who wastes his time is more foolish, for he is running himself into Eternity. When the former is acquainted with his mistake, he may be able to make effective amendments, but for the latter there is no hope, since time cannot be substituted.

TOLERATION.

If one is cheated by his co-religionists or a man of his own nationality he calls him a rogue, and considers him a disgrace to his church or nation; but if he is cheated by an alien, or by someone belonging to another sect, he is not only termed a rogue, but his nation or religion is also blamed, as if those were some institutions whence rogues were graduated.

TRUTH.

The one who backs up a multitude becomes the hero of his age; but the one who backs up the truth becomes the hero of all ages.

TRUTHFULNESS.

“Be true” is a rule to which there should be no exception. The first exception to that rule denotes the commencement of the career of a liar.

TYRANNY.

Beware of him who would win his end by the shedding of innocent blood.

UNIVERSAL FRIENDSHIP.

Be religious, but not a fanatic, patriot but not a patrimaniac. Let the whole of humanity be your nationality, and the whole world your native land.

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Though clouds may gather round the land
Where peaceful people dwell;
Though one may have to arm his hand
And fight the hordes of hell;
We should consider all the earth
Our native land, our place of birth,
The nations all as one.

UPLIFTING OF HUMANITY.

Here lies the difference between one who is labouring for riches and one who labours for the uplifting of humanity. The former shifts the money from one pocket into the other, which amounts to the same thing, as far as the world is concerned, as when a house mother is shifting her bread-plate and her teapot off one table on to the other. Thus a miser takes a lifetime for doing what any woman could do a hundred times each day could she see any sense in so doing, and how few are able to do it even once in a lifetime without hurting their consciences and staining their characters. The latter, though seemingly a less influential person, promotes the happiness of hundreds, perhaps thousands, probably millions, of his fellow-men. Is there any comparison between the two?

UPRIGHTNESS.

Live so that your departing soul will be well represented.

VIRTUE.

True virtue has no slag, though the case may be corrodible.

WAR.

To be constantly prepared for war is such a strain on the resources of a nation that, when war actually comes, there is always a danger of being outwitted financially. One needs a good army to defend an empty treasury.

WASTE.

Everyone has not wasted fortunes, but everyone has wasted that by which fortunes may have been made.

WEALTH.

Splendour, or a great display of wealth, has a great effect upon the mind of every human being. It does not, however, affect us all in the same way. Some are spurred on to great exertions, others lose heart entirely. One with a poetical turn of mind will probably receive some great inspirations; some become religiously inclined; others come to the conclusion that there is no God; whilst one with a base, ignoble mind, low bred and criminally inclined—a German nobleman, for instance—will exclaim, with Prince Blucher: “What a city to plunder!”

WEALTH v. WISDOM.

The name of the rich terminates at the grave—but that of the wise lives for ever.

WISDOM.

There is wisdom in the fool,
There is folly in the wise,
Stars may twinkle in the pool,
Clouds at times may dull the skies.

WICKEDNESS.

His tongue won the heart of a faithful maiden, but
his life covered it with abomination.

WIT AND HUMOUR AND SARCASM.

A world awake at last throws off the chains
And bravely ends the despot's foul array;
Our sickly brother Fritz alone remains
The faithful bearer of the yoke to-day.

He fights to fortify his sons as slaves,
Men only act according to their light;
He lives and dies for despotism and knaves,
In castle times and mediaeval night.

WRITING.

There on that shelf my tiny compilation
Appears so unimposing to my sight,
Yet on and off, whilst it was in creation,
I had a tiresome day, a sleepless night.

YOUTH.

Some boys will be men some day; others will grow
up and grow old, but will never be men.

ZEST FOR WORK.

Work is the only true emblem of independence and
nobility.

IN CONCLUSION.

One should strive to maintain his mental balance under all circumstances, for the coward is a loser at all times. In prosperity he loses his head, and in adversity his heart.

THE WITCH.

This is a poem of four hundred lines, on "Militarism and The German Universal War." Militarism is pictured as a witch that comes to the king to tell him his fortune. She tells him how a son is to be born to him with the beautiful name of "The Day." This child, she says, is to be the fairest child that this world has ever seen. Furthermore, whilst the child is with the king the world, with everything therein, shall be his. On the other hand, should someone win the child over, the world will be lost to the king. The king gets so delighted that he gives the witch a bag of gold and makes a feast for old and young. For many years great preparations are made, and the witch becomes very powerful in the kingdom, and she is placed behind the throne on all State occasions. The witch can do a lot of miracles, too, so for instance she can, by swinging her magic wand, make an Orphanage on every farm and a Widows' Home in every house. At last, when the child is born, there are great rejoicings. It soon becomes known, however, that "The Day" is

the ugliest child that has ever lived, and no one would own him as a son; even his old father disowns him as such. Yet, owing to the enormous importance of the child, everyone is struggling to win him over. The old witch makes herself very conspicuous by her aboriginal way of fighting. She forces her way into a pantry and pulls the housemaid about by the hair, and then she brings home an armful of carrots, cabbages, turnips and such like. This makes her still more loved in the kingdom, and they all praise "Gott," who, by the way, is their own property, there is an elderly gent. by name of "Honour." This is the very one they hated most of all from the start, for he is no sport. He does not even believe in witches, and he is therefore considered by the whole kingdom as an undesirable. In the end he wins "The Day," and the king is so wild that he curses the time when "The Day" was born.

Then in a witchlike way she smiled,
Yet kept a very earnest mien—
Yes, he shall be the fairest child
That this old world has ever seen.

It thus behoves that you take pains
That none this worthy child may seize;
The one with whom the child remains,
The world with all therein is his.

Through him shall all, both land and sea,
With all therein, be passed thy way;
And all the world shall bend the knee
Before the father of "The Day."

Then many kings shall lie awake,
From eventide till early morn,
For many mighty thrones shall shake
The minute that "The Day" is born.

He gave the witch a bag of gold,
A kingly gift, but king was he;
He made a feast for young and old,
Then king and all they danced with glee.

He made her give a pledge of faith,
Then rose her to a lordly zone,
And upon all affairs of State
The Witch was placed behind the throne.

Though thou art not of royal birth,
Though not related to the throne,
Thou art the wisest on the earth,
And all shall treat thee like my own.

In scarlet robes he dressed the Witch,
And gave her stripes of gold to wear—
Then bade her straighten every hitch,
By which he suffered far and near.

The crown appealed to rich and poor,
And each responded in some way—
His wooden shoes, the peasant wore,
And gave the leather to "The Day."

Thus high and low, and big and small,
They were like children round one hearth—
They toiled in earnest, one and all,
Preparing for the "baby's" birth.

Description of the witch:—

Her forehead was extremely low—
Her countenance was very old;
She loved to reap but not to sow—
She always thrived on sweated gold.

The nations trembled when she shook
In threatening ways her magic wand;
For she could flood with blood the brook,
And fill with corpses every pond.

Yes, she could turn the rivers red,
And make the rosy cheeks grow pale
By calling forth a shower of lead.
To scour the field, the hill, and dale.

And when she sang her hymn of hate,
A saint's old soul would boil with spite,
And feel prepared at any date
To strike at "Gott" himself with might.

Then she could swing her mighty arm—
With that create, without a pause,
An orphanage on every farm—
A widows' home in every house.

The stork had brought a little boy
And left him at the Palace Gate.
The children danced and clapped with joy,
And thanked the messenger of fate.

And then the bells commenced to ring,
And at the Forts they fired the gun—
The people cheered the lucky king,
Whilst kings and princes kissed the son.

The higher classes drank champagne,
The lower filled themselves with beer.
They drank and drank, then drank again,
For there was life in every sphere.

The Adventures of the Witch.

She threw herself against the door
With all her weight, till lock and all
Crushed down against the pantry floor
And stunned the housemaid in the fall.

And then commenced a rough and tear
The world had never seen before—
She harshly pulled the housemaid's hair
And bumped her head against the floor.

The Father is Losing the Child's Love.

Now this increased the father's care,
For much depended on "The Day";
His cheeks went hollow, and the hair
Was growing thin and turning grey.

His heart was wounded to the core—

His face went black and blue and grey;
He kicked the cat, he spat and swore:
"Gott strafe, mit thousand strafes, The Day.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

The American Soldier is a poem of about three thousand lines in its present form, but is yet very incomplete. To complete the same it will take ten, or probably twenty, thousand lines. The poem is now being prepared for the press to be published as sample stanzas for an American epic, and to be dedicated to the American soldiers and patriots as a token of gratitude from the British Empire for the enormous exertions they have made in the German Universal War. The author of this poem is an American dentist who has worked up a great practice in Australia, but the real hero is an American patriot and adventurer, who, when the war broke out, went to Canada, where he became a naturalised British subject in order to fight militarism. He detests warfare, but nevertheless he fights on nearly all the battle fronts, and is so successful that he wins the Victoria Cross and a knighthood. He is exceedingly devoted to his wife and children, and the whole of the poem is written to her. This is the most ambitious of my compositions, and is written with a number of dis-

tant objects in view. The main objects are as follows:—To try and give the Australian literature a permanent place amongst the world's great literature; to make the people of America a homogeneous nation; to preserve and, if possible, still further the friendly feelings that now exist between the United States and the British Empire; and to create a friendly feeling between all the English-speaking people of the world, and thus establish an universal peace. We should all strive to be on the best of terms with the United States. We cannot afford to be anything else—no nation can.

In Canada.

I felt an urgent call for me,
From countries far away;
And virtuous women I could see,
By others loved like you by me—
Exposed to foul and filthy play—
To beastly drones a prey.

The days were passing one by one,
And tiresome seemed the drill;
It was too wearisome for fun,
Of little use, for nought was done;
It seemed intended but to kill,
Or hamper human will.

And many nights I sit till late,
And watch a star-lit sky;
I read there in my darling's fate,
If we should trip beneath the weight.
I read the fate of you and I,
Of all, both low and high.

In France.

One living dream is all our years,
Ensnared in fate's decoy;
Our life is only smiles and tears,
A queer combine of hopes and fears;
It is a mixture, an alloy
Of sorrows and of joy.

We row and wrangle to and fro,
We drown our lives in tears,
But in the grave, once there we go,
There will be room for friend and foe;
There will be peace for many years,
So narrow it appears.

We meet as comrades and shake hands
With foes of former days;
We mix with sons of all the lands,
From bleaching snow to scorching sands,
We mix about in friendly ways
With sons of every race.

The guns were booming day and night,
And many heroes fell;
Though shells were bursting left and right
We had the orders to cling tight—
We did it too, and did it well,
Though many heroes fell.

Then many limbs were lost that day,
And many lights went out;
When mighty might commence to play
Their hide and seek in warlike way
The dangers dwell on every route.
And death will lurk about.

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Then with a most tremendous heft
Two mighty powers clashed;
We gave it to them right and left,
And fraus and frauleins were bereft;
With German brains our trench was splashed,
For many heads were smashed.

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Some love like yours will man require,
In such a place as this;
To tear through tons of tangled wire,
Through flooded fields and scorching fire,
To venture where the bullets whizz,
Where shells and gases kiss.

It is through girls and wives like you,
That many fields are won;
When boys will brave where dangers brew,
When trenches fall, and men break through—
The faithful love that looketh on,
Through that, the deed is done.

Yes, it is love that shapes our fate,
So will it ever be;
When bears a mite a giant's weight,
When hamlets' sons are growing great;
Some distant love at least I see,
That sets the spirit free.

We love to think that we will win,
We prove it with the pen;
But when in earnest fights begin,
When parapets are falling in,
Entombing men alive—well, then—
It tests the hearts of men.

When friends are falling by your side
And ranks are shrinking fast—
When lacking strength to stay the tide
Of beastly foes, that burn with pride—
Where graves are gaping wide and vast,
But few have hearts that last.

We were behind in every ruse,
It seemed their luck was in;
Our foe was there to lead and choose,
And we to follow suit and lose;
Whatever fate the coin would spin,
It seemed we could not win.

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Then on the scales of hope and doubt,
We weighed our lives with fame;
And in the dark we felt about
For certain death—if luck was out—
For glory and a deathless name,
If we retained the same.

My dad at home would often say,
And it was very true;
The one who courts and runs away,
May live to court some other day.
We courted trouble—got it too—
Then ran and came anew.

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Our best endeavour seemed but naught,
Defeat upon defeat;
We dug, we bled, we toiled, we thought,
Whilst tirelessly for time we fought;
I shook my fist, I clenched my teeth,
When came the word retreat.

My socks were wet with blood and gore,
And sticking to my feet;
My legs were stiff, my head was sore,
And shining through the hat I wore;
My heart had nearly stopped to beat,
And aching were my teeth.

There I was, longing for the morn,
And dying for a drink;
I stood there, shivering, tired and worn,
My clothes were bloody, wet and torn;
I never slept, not for a blink,
I could but stand and think.

And emblematic of our time,
When right is judged by might,
When freedom's cobs are wrapped in crime,
And muscles rule the mind sublime,
Our trench was destitute of light
That dark and horrid night.

But at the early glimpse of dawn
We felt a sense of ease;
Humanity had been in pawn,
But now the straws of chance were drawn,
And we had drawn the longest piece,
Thus fears commenced to cease.

Till twelve o'clock, till one or two,
I mostly lay awake;
I know your heart like mine is true,
I lie awake and think of you,
For you and for our children's sake
My heart will ever ache.

We tumbled over steeps and stones.
We conquered fort and field,
And mangled men with broken bones
Were everywhere; their mournful moans
Were meaningful, their sores revealed
Shall never more be healed.

But virtue watches in the lane,
Where mortals march to fame;
The one who hoards the golden gain,
Is he, who free from soil and stain,
Preserves his character and name,
Who fairly plays the game.

Some shells fell short, and some flew past,
Some bursted left, some right;
Our little group was dwindling fast,
And every hour I thought the last;
Yet, lived I on to see the light
Beyond that beastly night.

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Then many limbs were lost that day,
And many men were killed;
When mighty guns commence to play
On frail defences built of clay,
With craters opened, trenches filled,
Much human blood is spilled.

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An hour before I saw him then,
A robust man like me;
But he was now beyond all ken,
O, God! what guns will make of men.
His face, in fact, we could not see,
So mangled up was he.

When with our spirit running low
From loss of blood and sleep
We charged our reinforced foe,
We charged like men, gave blow for blow,
Through channels where the death doth peep
Which makes one's feelings creep.

Then there were men with shattered frames,
Who strove to do their most,
To meet the Teutons' nameless games
Our dying men made living names;
One war-worn soldier held his post
With both his lungs exposed.

And many worthy men who fell
 May well have lived to-day
By digging deep and hiding well
From spying eyes, from shot and shell,
 But that is not the Saxon way,
 Thus dearly did we pay.

And in thy love, my love I see,
 A future bright and blond;
One single thought entwining thee,
Is more than all the world to me.
 In this I see the sacred bond,
 That holds the life beyond.

Though draggingly the time went by
 We still were hanging on;
We came to conquer, not to sigh,
And failing that, to fight and die;
 At times we lost, at times we won,
 Yet were we scared by none.

And some will rue the days they miss—
 The chances that slip by;
For many men would think it bliss
To fight for such a cause as this—
 To serve America like I,
 To fight its fight and die.

I shot, I stabbed, I stuck, I slew,
I fought them left and right;
A dozen deadly bombs I threw
That silenced one machine-gun crew;
It was, if I may judge it right,
A full-blood Yankee fight.

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It is but little use to cry,
Though graves be dark and deep;
The girl must watch with bleeding eye
The loving lad who leaves to die.
The men must die, the women weep,
For blood and tears are cheap.

Could man be put to nobler use
Than die in duty's call?
Had I a thousand lives to lose,
And it was left to me to choose,
Then gladly would I stake them all,
And manly stand or fall.

To know that come what may in life,
Enjoyment or annoy,
I have a true, a loving wife,
A partner in both ease and strife,
Who loves through times of grief or joy
Her true and loving boy.

There was a desolated spot
A hundred yards away,
Exposed to endless shell and shot;
It grew untenable and hot;
We won and lost it night and day,
But neither side could stay.

To this untenable hell
We tried to cling for weeks;
We made advances, fought and fell,
The thunder shook the hill and dell,
And trembling stood the mountain peaks
To sounds of cheers and shrieks.

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And then I leaped into the pit,
A froglike leap I made;
I made their own machine-gun spit,
And many haughty Huns I hit;
The gun went wrong, they made a raid,
I met them with a spade.

Then frightful was the charge they made,
They rushed me ten to one;
My lucky card, the ace of spade,
Was, thanks to Fate, a weighty blade,
I hit and hit and still hit on,
Until at last I won.

Fought there a man for just and right,
Now or in times gone by;
Was there a Mediaeval Knight,
Who had a clearer cause for fight;
Has any man more cause than I,
To fight, and bleed, and die.

I long for thee, my love, my pet,
My star through ease and strife;
The object for my toil and sweat,
My first in joy and in regret,
My hope on earth, my darling wife,
My all, and all in life.

And when your nearest mates are blown
Into a thousand bits,
Whilst others lie about and moan,
And you are standing there alone,
You have to summon all your wits
To find the cap that fits.

When one is feeling sound and safe,
His hand against his chin—
Then vulcan like there comes a wave
That tears the dead from every grave,
That hazes all with dust and din,
And thrusts the living in.

For here the living and the dead,
Must take the grave in turn;
In deep dug-outs our sheets we spread,
Whilst bleach the bones above one's head;
Beneath the fields our foemen churn
We sleep with unconcern.

But here I long for you in vain,
My own, my darling wife;
How I would love to come again
To share with you your joy and pain,
To be your help and guide through life,
Your own in ease and strife.

A German shell had landed there,
And bursted underground;
Jim Taylor's head was lying near,
The rest had gone to God knows where;
For half an hour we hunted round,
But nothing more was found.

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From a Letter Found on a German Prisoner.

And when I get a coffin full
I send it home to you;
You need no creepy faces pull,
Your dad is out to gather wool;
I do like thousands, nothing new—
Our fathers did it too.

The Germans were accused of sending loot home in coffins.

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We treat them with a well-aimed hit
Of rifle stock or fist;
Those Junkers' sons can prate and spit,
But they have little moral grit,
One trifling tumble and a twist,
And they no more exist.

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Then came a German on the spot,
I asked for help in vain—
He kicked me in the name of Gott,
Then hit me with his rifle butt,
Relieving me of watch and chain,
He left me there in pain.

Amidst the carnage of the day
I see my darling dove,
I see my darling far away,
I see her as she kneels to pray
With earnest pleads to God above
She prays for me, her love.

I see her kneel against her bed,
And over Will and May,
Upon the quilt so neatly spread,
She sorrowfully leans her head;
And in my mind I hear her pray,
Her own familiar way.

Remembrances From His Childhood.

Our rugged hills. the wave-swept bays,
Our little native home,
The playgrounds of our childhood days—
Its greatness in its little ways—
We don't forget, through gay or gloom,
Wherever we may roam.

Our life was like a joyful dream,
My very toil was play,
For life poured out for us its cream,
Like paddling through a pleasant stream;
In shaded nooks a summer's day
We passed our time away.

Descriptive of the People in the District Wherein He Lived in America.

We never shrink from loss or pain,
Nor do we bleed for praise;
We do not fight for wanton gain,
We mean to rise, yet will remain
An honored and untainted race,
That holds its head with grace.

We rather face the steel and lead,
With shrapnel, fire and smoke,
And make a blood-stained soil our bed
Amidst the dying and the dead,
Than bear concealed in falsehood's cloak
A haughty tyrant's yoke.

We may not do a mighty deed,
Our number is but small;
Yet when our nation is in need
We, too, can join the ones who bleed;
Our love, our wealth, our sons, our all
Is at the nation's call.

How often when we till our soil,
And freely give our sweat,
The drought will draw the price of toil,
Then sweeping fires collect the spoil,
Yet never will we wail and fret,
But draw a manly breath.

When Nature deals us blow on blow
We make no loud alarm;
We see the rivers overflow,
Our homes and stock and chattels go;
With but the mortgage on the farm
We still keep cool and calm.

We take our turn, we bide our day.
Now and for ever more;
America can fight and play.
She does it both or either way—
But whether it is play or war,
She must be at the fore.

We waste no time to pray and prate
For what we think is right;
We boys can bow ourselves to Fate
When falls his fist with heavy weight,
But we may lift our heads and fight,
Unless he strikes with might.

For we have fought in recent times
Beneath the western sky,
The swarthy sons of scorching climes.
The starlets of a land of crimes,
Who flash the fire from every eye,
Who live to fight and die.

The Retreat on the Marne.

Our tramp, tramp, tramp through lane and street
Appeared to me that night
A long inglorious retreat;
With bulging blisters on our feet
We all withdrew both left and right—
With no attempt to fight.

By day a ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp
 Beneath a scorching sun;
By night we rested, worn and damp,
An hour or two to court the cramp,
 And then again the march begun,
 If not the march, the run.

Hard on our heels came grizzly Fritz,
 And we were sorely pressed;
Though never apt to angry fits,
I nearly chewed my tongue to bits;
 My heart was boiling in my breast—
 For I felt like the rest.

And many others, mates of mine,
 Felt then that very way,
For when our strength seemed in decline
They lingered in the fighting line;
 In prompt refusal to obey
 They gave their lives to stay.

They gave their lives to save our name,
 They lived and died with grace,
They went abroad to fight for fame,
Their pride would not endure the shame;
 They saved our name those darksome days,
 But not our land and race.

That honor was reserved for us
Who bore it to the last;
The brave can always gather gloss,
But he who sees the gain in loss,
Who reads his future in the past,
Creates a world to last.

His Opinion of the Germans.

Behind our scenic sights of sin,
Our sorrows lie and wait;
The devil sends his double in,
The whimsical, whose tricks will win;
Then lies himself about the gate,
Until we take the bait.

No person with a mind sublime
Would favor such a foe;
All that she wants is ample time
For launching on another crime,
To give the world a second blow,
More misery and woe.

All honor, truthfulness, and grace,
That gives to life its hue,
They calculatingly debase,
And then put up in virtue's place
Their wanton doctrines vile and new,
Unfounded and untrue.

All is but nought, however grand,
With selfish aims in view;
Comments are writ in shifting sand,
On deeds performed by selfish hand;
A month goes by, a week, a day,
And all has blown away.

Though many weighty odds we face,
And losses yet unknown;
It never was our aim to place
The shackles on the German race;
Still, precious blood has freely flown,
To keep them of our own.

And let us not forget the price,
Our worthy sons have paid;
Wipe out the tears from widows' eyes—
And suit the fatherless who cries;
Yet with the causes justly weighed,
Their fate is German made.

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Like lads who seek the daughter's hand,
And get the father's boot;
He dreamt of doing something grand—
He set his schemes on sea and land—
He dreamt of glory and of loot—
Yet all he gained was hoot.

Suvla Bay.

The old historic Suvla Bay,
With rocks and reefs bestrewn,
We entered eager for the fray,
And in an Anglo-Saxon way
We scrambled over rock and stone,
And made the place our own.

Then up the hill and down the hill
We chased the blighty Turk;
We chased him over reef and rill,
I swear we would have chased him still,
Or given him his final jerk,
But for the ones who shirk.

For it were those who prated peace
Who sold our sons that day—
They sold them for their private ease,
For leave to loiter as they please,
Whilst better blood was thrown away
Out there at Suvla Bay.

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We faced the bayonet and lead,
The shrapnel and the dirk;
The soldier lifted high his head
Where there was everything to dread,
We chased the murky, mystic Turk
Where endless dangers lurk.

And many heroes closed their eyes
In death that fatal day;
It tempered there with tender ties,
With mothers' tears and maidens' sighs,
As sons and lovers passed away
Out there at Suvla Bay.

Yes, many noble-minded boys,
Who closed their eyes that day,
Were longing for a mother's voice,
Yet could but hear the battle's noise,
The guns both near and far away,
Out there at Suvla Bay.

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Some miles away along the beach
Men gathered, mad from thirst;
And friend was fighting friend to reach
A dripping spring—and all and each
Notoriously swore and cursed,
And fought to reach it first.

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In shallow trenches there they lie,
Upon a blood-stained shore;
Some starlet twinkling in the sky
Keeps on their graves a wakeful eye,
Whilst whistling winds and seas that roar
Belaud them ever more.

A Visit to a British Man-o-War.

To walk about, to talk and toast
With those who brave the sea,
Who seem to all the German host
A living nightmare and a ghost,
The star of hope to all the free,
Were joys indeed to me.

**He was deeply impressed with the manly qualities
of the Boers.**

One would require a lengthy space
To give that land its due;
What pen could find sufficient praise
To heap on such a noble race?
We may have friends, yet are there few
So noble and so true.

The Beauty of Nature in America.

When floats the distant cattle bell
Upon the springtime breeze,
When leave the leaves their lonesome cell,
When every bud begins to swell
Like bulging dewdrops in the trees,
Then nature seems to please.

In every sound a holy ring
Presents itself to me;
And when it comes towards the spring
When every bird begins to sing,
When there is life in every tree,
Then I can plainly see

That fortune broadly smiles our way,
That favored folks are we;
Whatever man may think or say,
There is no place like U.S.A.;
No place on all the earth could be
Like U.S.A. to me.

When bees are buzzing overhead,
And every heart is light;
When everywhere the clover bed
Is in its richest garment clad,
Like pastures of a frosty night,
It is a wondrous sight.

When every mountain hill and dell
Brings all its flowers out,
There comes a sweet, delicious smell;
I smelt it often, know it well;
From East to West, from North to South,
For months it hangs about.

His Holiday.

But those were wild and winsome days,
Our lives were lined with glee;
Excitement in a thousand ways,
The fighting replaced by the chase.
And first and foremost, too, were we—
What ever there would be.

The Soldier's Homecoming

But when our soldier boys return,
What honor and delight,
Then will our daughters' main concern
Be for the ones who in their turn,
For freedom, liberty, and right,
Have ventured out to fight.

How sweet shall seem some well known voice,
The life how bright and gay,
When in the midst of cheering noise
Our charming lasses meet our boys,
And greet them in their loving way
As heroes of the day.

Though many may be good and great,
The ones who fought our fight,
They are the ones who bore the weight,
Our present and our future fate
Depends on them, our pledge and plight,
Their helping hand invite.

The worthy girl will wisely wait
When wasters want to wed;
The slacker will be out of date,
The only men that they will rate
Are those who faced the steel and lead,
Who bravely fought and bled.

With the Americans.

We dreamt of carving gold like cheese,
And made our foe a mate;
We wedded strife by courting ease,
And now must walk through blood to peace;
Must wield the weapon that we hate,
Or face a shameful fate.

The Stars and Stripes took well the breeze,
And all was life that day;
The Yankee Doodle played with ease
The selfsame tune, a tune of peace;
But it was out that very day
For men who longed for fray.

And race and colour shaking hands,
With every creed and caste;
And all the Nations, States and Lands—
From arctic snows to scorching sands—
The present, future, and the past,
Now fought as one at last.

And as I looked along the line,
A wall of glittering steel,
Oh, heaven, such a sight was fine,
No fear was in this heart of mine;
I wondered then how Fritz would feel,
I almost heard him squeal.

A thousand guns were spitting shell
Across the No-Man's Land;
They caused commotion where they fell,
The German trenches looked like hell,
And skywards rose the smoke and sand—
The sight was grim, yet grand.

Then there were prayers said that day
Amidst the cannons' roar
By men who were not known to pray,
Who long had loitered time away
Amongs the vile, where others' gore
May fast and freely pour.

There were no slackers lying low
To soil our nation's name;
We all were standing heel and toe,
Just dying for the word to go,
And when at last the order came
We rushed and cheered the same.

There never was a man to drive,
But many men to hold;
Full many would have been alive
If not so eager for the strife;
Yes, many lives were cheaply sold
By men who were too bold.

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There was no lagging or delay,
The Yankee heart was true;
The dauntless lads of U.S.A.
Burst lion-like into the fray;
The ways of war, how well they knew,
They shot, they struck, they slew.

Our shells were falling fast and fierce,
And tearing banks away;
And stern officials, grey from years,
Who long had turned from God their ears
(And had forgotten how to pray),
Were on their knees that day.

Thus prayed a princee inspired by fear:
"Our Father Thou Who art;"
Then helplessly he halted there
And wondered was our father near.
Just as he made a second start
A missile pierced his heart.

Opposing nights commenced to poise,
And deadly was the play;
But then there was the Captain's voice:
"This is our nation's day, my boys,
The ones we love, tho' far away,
Depend on us to-day."

"America is in the scales."
I heard him shout again;
"Our plains, our mountains, hills and dales
Are sold if our defensive fails,
For freedom men will plead in vain
Where German Junkers reign."

With lightning speed his word passed on,
Was echoed left and right;
We fought and bled as if for fun,
And many mighty deeds were done;
Towards the first approach of night
The foe was on the flight.

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"Your names will flash across the wires
From many thousand routes,
And wives and daughters, sons and sires
Will group around their family fires,
Discussing all our ins and outs,
And all our whereabouts.

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And never shall the quest be raised,
Have we the heart to stand?
We stand or fall where we are placed,
Our stalwart boys cannot be chased
Away when honor does demand
Their help, their manly hand.

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Thus ended was a day of gore,
Our troops had won the field;
The Hun commander cursed and swore,
A worn and worried look he wore;
His luck was out, he had to yield,
His country's fate was sealed.

With forty years of wounded pride,
The French were French once more;
With private thoughts all thrown aside
There came the turning of the tide;
They bought for blood and guiltless gore
Their honored place of yore.

America was on the tongue
Of all, both big and small;
And we were praised by old and young,
For some recited, others sung,
Our names were on the lips of all,
In every house and hall.

And though my comrades cheered with joy
My tears were hard to hold,
For lads I knew since but a boy,
Who were my comrades with the toy,
Whose hearts had been as pure as gold,
Were lying stiff and cold.

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And every race on earth shall know
That we are faithful too;
A sacred tie is every vow,
Our word is either yes or no;
We speak our mind, we state our view,
But we are ever true.

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Then why not die in duty's call,
And leave a lasting name;
For I would rather fight and fall,
Than feel a trembling mite and crawl
Into the dusky shade of shame,
For ever dead to fame.

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But fairness goes a step beyond,
What brutal force has done;
The future will be fair and blond,
When friendship closed the sacred bond
That treads upon the rights of none,
But welds us all as one.

Thus rooted in the good and grand,
She stands too fast to fall;
And with a free unshackled hand
She shall remain on sea and land
A corner block to great and small,
A guiding star to all.

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America is in the fore,
She bears the brunt to-day;
Where all the shells and shrapnel pour,
Where flows the precious blood and gore,
She tramps and trots, she fights her way,
The foremost in the fray

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To safeguard our beloved ones
We bore our load with glee;
We gave our hard-earned gold in tons,
We sacrificed our noblest sons,
We bled and bore on land and sea
In deadly earnest we.

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My latest scrape was in a wood
Beneath some pine and oak,
A shell exploded where I stood
And took my arm away for good;
Then all was hidden in a cloak
Of poison gas and smoke.

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To know that there is one at least,
Who ever prays for me;
To know they love has never ceased—
To know a heart where mine can feast—
To know our love will live, and we
Like one shall always be.

But, darling, in the life beyond,
There will I watch and wait.
There will you find me, true and fond,
Our life again shall be so blond;
For there will I abide my mate,
And meet her at the gate.

His Opinion of the Hospital Nurses.

When comes a nymph, a mirthful miss,
One's sickness seems a treat;
Yet incomplete remains my bliss,
My own, my very own, I miss;
Without your smiles, so pure and sweet,
My life is incomplete.

Delirious in Hospital.

But I can hear the painful groans
Of those who part from life;
A company of German drones
Are sucking marrow from their bones;
And one is feeling for the knife
To kill my child and wife.

And one, a princely Prussian, gnaws
Her joints with tiger's teeth;
Her blood is dripping from his jaws,
He tears her flesh with beastly claws,
He feasts, and what he cannot eat
He treads beneath his feet.

Take me to where the bullets fly,
Where Wilson sends the brave;
For I must up, I cannot lie .
And hear the helpless women cry ;
The innocent my arm shall save,
Though it were in the grave.

Though I was dead and in decay,
A corpse of long ago,
My spirit would collect its clay
To fight the tyrants of to-day,
To seek revenge upon the foe
For helpless sisters' woe.

He adopts a little child.

A little child has just passed by,
I turn towards the wall;
I cover up my face and cry,
They all can see their own but I;
I pray that I may see you all
Before the curtains fall.

It is refreshing, too, to meet
This charming little child;
Her face, so innocent and sweet,
With dark blue eyes and pearl-like teeth,
In manners too so meek and mild,
So pure and undefiled.

I told her I would be her dad
(And be a good one too!)
The child, though sorrowful and sad,
Was seemingly extremely glad;
Amongst them all—a mighty few—
I was the best she knew.

And as those little hands I take
She lifts her face so sweet;
It seems as though my heart would break,
I kiss her for my child's own sake,
I kiss her lips, so pure and sweet—
O, how my heart does beat.

The German Retreat.

Our shells again were flying fast,
And Fritz's lair grew hot;
Our days of waiting now were passed,
The "heeling" of the Hun at last
Had come to be the Allies' lot,
For Fritz was on the trot.

The Teuton host was on the trot,
His schemes had proved in vain;
We hammered on whilst he was hot.
For we had heaps of shell and shot;
Beflagged was every hill and plain,
For France was French again.

. . .

For when the German leaves his lair
He leaves his dirt behind;
Our wits are needed keen and clear,
For death is lurking everywhere;
And everywhere, the victors find,
Are traps of every kind.

The Sergeant.

Our sergeant is a simple goat,
As haughty as a Hun;
His name is wedded to an oath—
I picture him in scarlet coat,
And with a German helmet on,
For he is liked by none.

. . .

The foolish ma buys babe the toy
For honest toil and sweat,
And gets but sorrows and annoy
From what she thought the sweetest boy;
The pay that pampering mothers get
Is mostly rank regret.

The lad who warms his mother's lap
Will some day freeze her heart;
Though shielded from some trifling trap,
There some day comes a thunder clap
That tears the ma and babe apart.
And makes the mother smart.

For man, like wood, is only sap
When in his early stage,
And destined for a certain gap,
A man should leave his mother's lap
And venture where the wild winds rage
When he becomes of age.

The Captain.

The best of all our men is dead,
We see his face no more;
He slumbers in a simple bed,
A wooden cross above his head;
The best and noblest at the fore,
The one we all adore.

For many, many, many weeks
Things never seemed the same,
And even now when someone speaks
Of him the tears run down our cheeks;
The very mention of his name
Sets every heart aflame.

I always think of him by day,
I dream of him by night;
When fortune seems to turn our way
I think of what he used to say:
"Be honest to our cause and fight,
Then all will soon come right."

The barge we rig with hands unclean,
Will someday strike the reef;
Though be thy fortune fat or lean,
A man should pull a manly mean;
Then shake your sheaf and seek relief,
No good will spring from grief.

He played the game of life and death,
He played it long and well;
And many of our foes regret
Their luckless days, the days they met;
Our lads have many tales to tell
Of those who fought and fell.

And many times we heard him say:
"When comes my turn to die,
Then take me not too far away,
Nor make too much of my poor clay;
No more I long for than to lie
Where my brave lads are nigh."

I hear again the bugle's call,
A sound we can't forget;
I therefore end my hasty scrawl—
A thousand kisses for you all—
I hope that I shall meet you yet—
My wife, my love, my pet.

Our very lives seem dull and dim
Since Captain passed away,
And when the fights are fierce and grim
Our thoughts at once go back to him;
‘How would we fare,’ we often say,
‘If he were here to-day?’

And many times on granted leave,
When tiresome seemed the glave,
To spend a most impressive eve,
To suit my heart, which seemed to cleave,
I paid a visit to the brave—
The grand old Captain's grave.

In trembling mood my thoughts I sort,
But little can be found;
How poor seems here a man's escort,
I tremble, and my words fall short;
The field I face is sacred ground,
I fear to look around.

It is to you I owe my life,
My joys in years gone by;
It is for you my darling wife,
That I endured this beastly strife.
And for your future well, I sigh,
For you I live and die.

He Wins the Victoria Cross and a Knighthood.

King George the Fifth is in our ward,
The people cheer with glee;
He knighted me—I got the sword—
My breast that was so hacked and gored
Wears now the cross; I long for thee
To share my joy with me.

I laugh at times, at times I cry,
A heartfelt cry from joy;
A tear is glittering in his eye,
And then he says to some near by:
“I like the heart of such a boy,
It is no mean alloy.”

Whilst on my pillow I recline
He speaks so tenderly,
My feelings make such queer combine;
His voice seems soft—I think of thine—
I look at him, he looks at me,
And then I think of thee.

.

Through that alone, are done the deeds
That make the nations great;
The love that spears with silent pleads.
The Private and the one who leads—
On that is born the nations' weight
By that is shaped our fate.

The Souvenir.

Enclosed there is a piece of cast—
This has a tale to tell;
We fought, and we were gaining fast,
But this it found its goal at last;
It is a fragment of a shell—
By this your darling fell.

Our surgeon, master in his art,
Was overheard to say—
"It must have known his strongest part,
By half an inch it missed his heart—
There was perhaps no other way
Of holding him at bay."

Though hoarded treasures I have none
That I can will to thee,
I send this token for our son;
Give this to him when twenty-one,
And tell him it was sent by me
Who died to leave him free.

Believe me, love is far too vast
For human words below,
I therefore leave it to this cast;
Its tongue will speak when all seems past,
Its tongue will speak in words of love
A message from above.

Yes, it will set his mind aglow,
Will spear for good my son;
His heart will beat, his tears will flow,
For it will speak of years ago,
Will tell him what his dad has done,
When he is twenty-one.

The thoughts of him who nobly bleeds
To ease another's weight
Will always be a thought that feeds,
A mind that pines for noble deeds;
It will inspire to love and faith,
Will lead to something great.

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Yes, darling, I sincerely think,
When love has played the fife,
There is but little cause to shrink
From death, for death is but a link
That will connect one's chain of life,
When ends his earthly strife.

From this in vain we both shall seek,
Each other to embrace;
No more my ears shall hear thee speak—
No more my lips shall touch thy cheek—
No more thy love shall see the face,
That set his heart ablaze.

His Last Message.

Should private loss be common gain,
Fain would I go to die;
But herein lies my grief and pain,
I fear that I may die in vain;
Amongst a million such as I—
That none will gain thereby.

For should, when all this strife doth cease,
Their foul combine remain;
Should it be but a patched up peace
To give us fifty years of ease.
And let our foes prepare again,
Then have I died in vain.

I fear but little may derive
From what I here have said;
When this my message shall arrive
I may no longer be alive—
Thus may my simple lines be read
As greetings from the dead.

Yes, when my letter comes to hand
I may be out of woe;
When Willy learns to understand,
Tell him that for my native land
And him I let my life blood flow—
Tell Will I told you so.

Tell Will that he may see the day
When he may do the same;
Tell him there is no nobler way
To die, than when our lives we lay
To save an honored nation's fame
In such a noble aim.

.

If May should meet a worthy lad
When fifteen years pass by;
If love and virtue may be had
The dying wishes of her dad
Are that they knit the lovers' tie,
And live like you and I.

When all in life is justly weighed,
Its bliss will tip its strife;
I would not see her die a maid
For all the eggs that fortune laid;
For there are many joys in life
To cheer a wedded wife.

She will forget ere many days,
But short lived is her pain,
Yet sometimes may she try to trace
The outlines of her father's face,
Like I who long and long in vain
To see my child again.

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The life is sometimes rough and wild.
And sometimes smooth and calm,
Yet whether life be rough or mild
A father likes to see his child
Upon a worthy mother's arm,
Away from hurt and harm.

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Tell mother dear she need not cry,
I fell in duty's call;
A few more years will soon slip by,
Then will we meet above the sky;
Then can I clasp you one and all,
Where tears no more shall fall.

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Tell dad to hold a steadfast mien,
The will of God was done;
A worthy father has he been—
I also trust it will be seen,
From all the honors I have won,
I was a worthy son.

And give my love to sister Jane,
A brother's love from me;
Far more than I she feels my pain,
And she will cry and cry again;
For never could a sister be
More sisterly than she.

To her my death will cause a gap
That never will be filled;
When I was but a little chap
She used to nurse me on her lap;
A sister's love in childhood drilled
Cannot by time be killed.

I see her, hands upon her lap,
She hides her face therein;
Her tears her very soul doth sap,
Her heart is beating tap, tap, tap;
She clung to me through thick and thin,
The truest of our kin.

I often ate her fruit and cream
(Though she was fond of such)—
We played together at the stream—
This seems to-day a distant dream—
Yet lies therein a tender touch
That meant to me so much.

Comes there a chance to ease your strife,
Take my advice and wed;
Since you have been a worthy wife,
And faithful to me all my life,
I would not doom you to the dread
Of living for the dead.

I would not doom you to the dread
That haunts a widow's home;
I would not see your tears be shed
When you may well have joy instead;
No, may your mind be far from gloom
Wherever you may roam.
